OFFICIAL COUNTY PAPER.

THE NEW NORTH.

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION.

VOLUME IX. RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, SEPT. 3, 1891.

Real Estate Loan and Insurance

EXCHANGE.

I have over 300 of the most desirable Residence Lots in Rhinelander for sale, ranging in price from $100 to $500 each

Also many of the Finest Business Sites.

Time given purchasers who intend building.

Time given purchasers who intend buying.

Sole agent for all property of M. L. S. & W. R'y Co. Brown Brothers, S. H. Alban and others.

• • • LOANS • • •

I can place any amount of money on improved Real Estate at 40 per cent. of its value, on from 1 to 5 years time, netting from 8 to 10 per cent. interest per annum.

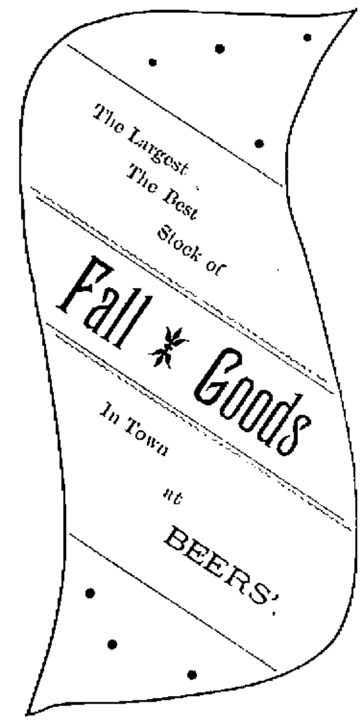
- - INSURANCE - -

I represent several of the Heaviest and most liberal and reliable Insurance Companies doing business in the world, and mae a specialty of writing Eire Insurane at Equitable Rates.

- - ABSTRACT - -

The only Abstracts of Oneida County Lands. Two Complete Sets.

Office on Davenport Street. PAUL BROWNE.



O. F. Wissler

MAKER OF FINE

CIGARS

The "Soo" and O. F. W

ARE OUR SPECIALTIES.

RHINELANDER. - WISCONSIN.

DRY GOODS,

Groceries and Shoes.

Our line of Dry Goods is always well assorted with the newest things in market. Car load of Groceries always in stock. We carry the best and leading makes of Men's, Women's and Children's Fine Shoes, such as The Celebrated John Kelly, McClure, Bloser & Eggert and many other makes. Men's and Women's Furnishing Goods, Clothing Hardware and Lumbermen's Supplies, and a thousand other things too unmerous to mention. We are also at the bottom on prices.

SPAFFORD & COLE.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

They Open Monday with Prospects of a Large Attendance.

The schools of Rhinelander will open Monday with excellent prospects of a very successful year. The various school buildings have been put into shape during the summer, the board having taken every precaution to have the buildings in proper condition to insure the pupils health and the teachers proper convenience and assistance. The corps of teachers engaged is a gratifying feature to parents and all interested in the school's welfare. Prof. Peterson, the principal, comes here with the best of recommendations, and his assistant, Miss Oakey, who held the same position last year, is known to be a capable and painstaking teacher. Misses Spencer, Crowe, Markham, Griswold, Morrison and Pascal, all of whom were employed in the city schools last year are competent and popular with both parents and pupils. The new faces in the list of teachers, Misses Ellen and Mary Minnehan, Misses Levake, Lord, Newman and Cooney are all teachers of experience elsewhere and the board engaged them only after thoroughly satisfying themselves of the applicants' competency. The enrollment is expected to be larger than ever before, and the board are of the opinion that it will be the banner year with Rhinelander schools. A good school is a recommend for any city or town secondary to none. We have kept pace with the fast increasing demands for room and Rhinelander to-day has five school buildings which would do credit to cities of much larger size. The schools should be a source of pride to all and every parent in the city should take an interest in having them successful. A visit occasionally from parents has an inspiring and beneficial effect on the scholars and a little such moral help is of inestimable aid to a teacher in securing good results.

TWO FINE GAMES WON.

Wausau Defeated 2—1, and Antigo is again Shut Out.—The Club on a Trip.

Thursdays game with Wausau was the most exciting ever played here. Not a run was scored until the sixth inning when an easy fly ball from Donavin's bat was allowed to drop safe, giving the runner second. He went to third on a sacrifice by Boreland and scored on a low pitch which bounded over the catcher's head. In the home team's half of the same inning McIndoe worked his old gag of getting hit by a pitched ball. He promptly stole second and went to third on a passed ball. After two men were retired on strikes Stratton brought McIndoe in with a hot one to short, which Donavin stopped, but could not handle in time to catch the runner at first. No more scores were made until the last half of the ninth inning. After Stratton had retired on a long fly to the field, Donahue lined the ball against the left field fence for two bases, and when Wausau's second baseman threw the ball to the umpire instead of the pitcher, he went to third. Clausen hit the ball to Palmer who waited 'till too late to catch Clausen and then threw wild to third allowing the winning run to score. It was a great pitchers game, both Clausen and Palmer doing fine work. Wausau has a great aggregation of players, but the exhibition they gave trying to hit Clausen was very much the color of a sunflower. Bellis, Lee and McCrossen, the three Wausau men with them, play their positions fully as well as their imported material and Lee outbatted them all here.

Antigo came up Sunday with a good team and were defeated in a pretty game by a score of two to nothing. Jacobson, formerly of the O. F. Ws pitched for Antigo and Smith was in center field for them. It was the quickest game ever played here, the fielding on both sides being sharp and the hits scarce. Antigo got but one hit off Clausen, who struck out fourteen.

The home club leaves for the south to-morrow noon, for three games. They play Antigo Friday afternoon and from there they go to Wausau for two games on Saturday and Sunday.

The Wausau papers are extremely wroth because the Rhinelander correspondent for the Sentinel, Mr. Gildaeger, only reported the winning game from here. It must be surprising to Wausau. The Sentinel files would indicate that they never lost a game—but whenever they win the intelligence that they have won the state championship by defeating so-and-so is wired to the Sentinel before sunset. Wausau should not feel sore; its quite a thing for Rhinelander to do up Wausau and as long as we have a few days to crow, stand back and give us a chance. Don't get mad about it.

Jim Lawless will umpire the games this week.

Wausau is looking for players who can bat Clausen. They have signed Thorp, of the Appleton league club.

The team is playing some remarkably close games lately. In the last four games the total score made by all is only 10.

Excursion to Wausau.

Those wishing to go to Wausau Sunday to see the ball game can do so without losing any unnecessary time. An excursion train with coaches sufficient to accommodate all who desire to go, will leave the M. L. S. & W. depot at 7:00 a. m. Sunday morning, returning the same evening, leaving Wausau at 7:00 p. m. The fare will be put at the remarkably low figure of $2.00 for the round trip, much less than half fare. It is expected that between one hundred and fifty and two hundred will go from here.

Free Lectures.

On next Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Sept. 9th and 10th, at the M. E. church, Oella Brown will speak on the "Safeguards of the Republic." The subject is of the first importance. The speaker is pronounced by many who have heard her, one of the ablest lecturers in America. Admission free. A collection will be taken.

Hose Company Dance.

The members of Alert Hose company decided at their last meeting to give a social dance at the Grand opera house on the evening of September 11. Excellent music will be on hand to furnish the inspiration, and the company boys guarantee a pleasant evening for all who attend.

There is a new law upon the statute books of this state, entitled an act to secure the better preservation of game, and sportsmen should get it into their heads early in the season, before they get into trouble. It is as follows: "It shall be unlawful to hunt with dog or dogs, any quail, partridge, pheasant or ruffled grouse, prairie hen or prairie chicken sharp tailed grouse or grouse of any other variety, for a period to two years from and after the first day of September, 1891." The law also provides for a fine, on conviction, of not less than $5 or more than $75. The law also prohibits hunting deer with dogs at any time.

The ladies of the Congregational Society will give a "Yellow Tea" Wednesday evening, Sept. 9, in the Church Parlors. In connection with which a reception will be given to the Rev. Mr. Humphrey and wife. Supper will be served all the evening, commencing at six o'clock, price twenty-five cents. All are cordially invited to come.

Sheriff Mike Walsh, of Milwaukee county, was here last Saturday after a man, but he did not get him. He had gone to Milwaukee the day before. The case promises to be an exceedingly sensational one, as the man is well known in Milwaukee and in the north.

Jas. Harrigan is doing a good business in life insurance. He represents one of the best companies in the country and is thoroughly reliable. His territory includes all of Northern Wisconsin now, and he started this week on an extended trip.

If you want a good suit, an overcoat, or pair of pants, go to H. Ritzmann, merchant tailor, and examine his stock. He can fit you to perfection, at the lowest prices. Remember the place—Wolcott's photograph gallery.

We acknowledge the receipt of a complimentary ticket to the Great District Fair to be held at Stevens Point from September 8 to 11. The directors have spared no pains to make this surpass all previous ones.

Mark Shafer has just received a large selection of overcoats adapted for fall and winter wear. Call and inspect his stock before purchasing elsewhere. 4t

W. H. Ferguson, who has been bill clerk at Antigo the past two years, has accepted the position of cashier for the Lake Shore Road, in place of Ted Yapp, resigned.

The largest and finest stock of fall and winter underwear ever shown in Rhinelander, at M. W. Shafer's clothing emporium. 4t

A warm supper will be given by the Willing Helpers at the Congregational church parlors Friday eve, from six until nine o'clock.

Buy berries by the case of W. L. Beers & Co., they weigh from 5 to 10 pounds more per case than berries bought elsewhere. *

Waupaca is getting to be quite a sporting town. They have only four race tracks within two miles of the city limits.

THE COUNTY FAIR GROUNDS.

One-Half of the Thousand Dollar contribution Paid this week. Work begun.

The Oneida County Mechanical and Agricultural Society's grounds are being put into shape rapidly under supervision of A. W. Brown, of the county board committee. Nearly the entire track has been cleared of trees, and before winter sets in the track will be practically completed. The soil is the firmest that can be found in this vicinity and when done the course will be a very good one. One thousand dollars was subscribed by citizens of Rhinelander to give the Association a boost and one half of the amount subscribed is paid in this week, to apply on the ground payment and settle necessary disbursements. The land was purchased from Olaf Swan and is a part of the homestead which he proved up on recently. A year from now the first annual exhibition of the society will be held.

The "Soo" Line will have on sale Tuesday, August 25, and on Tuesdays, Saturdays, and Tuesdays, thereafter during continuance of the Exposition but not later than Septembes 24, 1891, good to return on or before Monday following date of sale. Round trip tickets from Rhinelander to Minneapo'is and return at the rate of $9.65. This includes admission to the Exposition. Further information can be had at the "Soo" depot.

C. M. CHAMBERS, Agt.

The M. L. S. & W. R'y Co. will sell excursion tickets to Milwaukee and return at rate of $6.96 for round trip, admission ticket included, on account of Milwaukee Industrial Exposition to be held at Milwaukee Sept 2d to Oct. 17th, 1891. Sale of tickets commences Tuesday, September 1. Tickets will be sold Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, good for return not later than Monday following date of sale, except that during the State Fair season, Sept. 14 to 19 tickets will be sold Sept. 13 to 19 inclusive good for return until Sept. 21, 1891. W. E. ASHTON, Agt.

Gents' furnishing goods at Shafer's.

For dry wood, enquire of E. L. Dimick. *

Frank Alexander, of Hurley, spent Sunday in our town.

Next Monday our city schools open for the fall term.

Miss Jessie Horr has returned from visit in York state.

J. Demars was in Merrill last Saturday on business.

Baby carriages—all the styles—all prices—at Hildebrand's. *

No more trout fishing this year, as the law closed the first.

Rev. D. C. Savage preached to the prisoners at the jail last Sunday.

Prices on photographs lower than ever at Wolcott's new gallery. *

Conductor Meagher. of the Soo, is visiting friends in town this week.

Clyde Bronson is visiting his old home, Big Rapids, Mich., this week.

Miss Mert Combs, of Royalton, is in this city, the guest of Mrs. Irvin Gray.

W. W. Blinn, Antigo's popular postmaster, was in our city last Thursday.

Frank Kretlow is learning the druggists' business at J. J. Reardon & Co.'s.

Parish Nicholds and Will Ogden are duck hunting down on the Pelican this week.

Mrs. P. F. Curran, of Wausau, is in Rhinelander visiting friends and relatives.

Jessie Hall, of Ironwood, came down to help the Antigo boys play ball Sunday.

E. L. Dimick has dry wood, long or short, for sale. Delivered to any part of the city. *

Teachers' examinations have been in progress at the High School building this week.

Trunks and valises of all styles and descriptions and at all prices for sale at M. W. Shafer's. 4t

Mrs. Irvin Gray entertained a company of young people Friday evening, in honor of Miss Combs.

The duck hunting season began Tuesday and a number of local sportsmen are improving the chance.

Chris Eby and N. T. Baldwin captured between three and four hundred trout at Kirtin one day last week.

Miss Nellie McCabe, a former teacher in our schools, departed for her home in Oshkosh Monday.

A. C. Blitch went to Grand Rapids to accompany his family home, who have been visiting there the past month.

The ladies of the Congregational society are making elaborate preparations for a "yellow tea," which will be served in the church parlors next Monday evening.

For Genui

JEWELL &

GROCERIES A

FRESH FRUITS

Creamery and Dairy Butter,

Hay, Feed, Flour, Oats, Etc

Cleans

Most

is Lenox.

Before Buying
Test the seams of your
Water Proof COAT
POUR some water in the sleeve holding the end tight as here shown or anywhere else where there is a seam, and see if it is water tight. There are goods in the market that look very nice but will leak at every seam. We warrant Tower's IMPROVED Fish Brand Slicker to be water tight at every seam and everywhere else; also not to peel or stick, and authorize our dealers to make good any Slicker that fails in either point.
Watch Out for the Soft Woolen Collar and Fish Brand Trade Mark.
Boston, Mass.

J. B. SCHELL

The Tailor.

I have the finest selections of Summer & Fall Woolens for Gents' wear you ever looked at.

Harness!

J. H. Schroeder,

BROWN STREET,

Rhinelander, - Wis.

Light and Heavy Harness,

And all Goods in my Line. Repairing done promptly and in a satisfactory manner. Orders from Lumbermen given special attention.

THE OLD AND RELIABLE FIRM,

CRANE, FENELON & CO.,

—Always Have on Hand a Full Line of—

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Call and get prices before buying elsewhere.

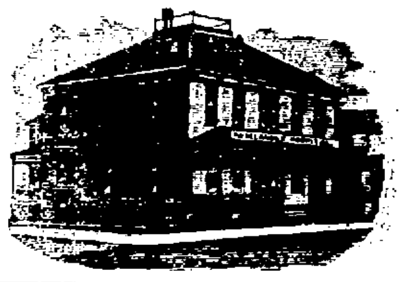
Rhinelander Hospital.

RHINELANDER - WIS

A FIRST-CLASS INSTITUTION.

For $6.00 your doctor's bill, nursing and board is paid, and a home provided you in case of sickness or injury, during the period of one year. No man without a home can afford to be without a ticket on this hospital. We will take pleasure in showing you through the hospital at any time.

T. B. McINDOE, Resident Surgeon.



Central Market, STEVENS ST.

JAS. GLEASON,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

MEATS, PROVISIONS, FISH ANN GAME.

Our customers can rely upon securing good fresh meat, fair treatment and as low prices as it can be sold for. We solicit a share of the city trade.

Market next to C. O. D. Store. RHINELANDER, WIS.

E. G. SQUIER

—DEALER IN—

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Etc.,

Repairing and Engraving Neatly Done.

Carry a full stock of the best make of watches in the best gold and silver cases at very low prices.

Store in Fausts' Block. Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING CO.

RHINELANDER WISCONSIN.

might guess
That they were on their

She treated him with cold disdain;
He bullied her in brutal way;
She read three novels on the trip,
He also read and smoked all day.
They quarreled mildly, snubbed and sneered,
And by these methods they made sure
That none would for a moment think
That they were on their wedding tour.

But now they take the trip again,
Like turtle doves they're side by side,
And try for fun to make folk think
That they're a new-made groom and bride.
They cuddle close, they bill and coo,
He holds her hand in steadfast grip;
They think a royal jest is this
Imaginary wedding trip.

—Harry B. Smith, in America.

MR. BOWSER.

The Family Medicine Chest One of His Many Hobbies.

Another Eccentricity Which Gets Him Into Trouble—He Again Proposes to See a Lawyer and Be Guided by His Advice.

ONE of Mr. Bowser's hobbies i the family medicine chest, an the quack

WINKIE'S WEDDING.

IT WAS Winklereid Wendall's wedding day. Everybody knew that he was to be married that morning in St. John's church. Likewise everybody was pleased; for both Winkie and Della Deplaine were quite popular; therefore there was no demurring, unless it was among the young men, who felt it a little because they would be unable to waylay Winkie between the church and the depot and make him properly celebrate.

The bride's toilet is generally considered a far more important item at a fashionable wedding than the bridegroom's, but in this case it was different.

Not that Winkie indulged in anything especially fancy upon this occasion. His suit was the conventional black, but, like Samson, the point where he came out strong was his hair.

When at length he was arrayed he looked himself over in his dressing glass and voted the reflection perfect, all but the hair; that was too long.

"It will have to be cut," he decided. "The barber is only across the street. I'll run over this minute."

"You'll have to hurry, then," put in his sister Belle, who was trotting in and out of his room in her stylish bridesmaid's costume. "The carriages are coming, and it lacks but half an hour of the appointed time."

"I'll get there, never fear," cried Winkie, slipping on an old coat and hat and making a rush for the barber's, where, fortunately, he found the artist unengaged.

"Cut my hair quick!" he cried, breathlessly.

Clippers smiled a little slyly and set his machine so that the stubble on all parts of Winkie's head was less than the thousandth part of an inch in length when he sprang before the glass to admire himself.

Worse than all, the pure white cuticle which covered Winkie's skull was several shades whiter than that which was spread over his features.

"You son of Africa!" shouted Winkie, in a rage, "what did you cut my hair like that for?"

"You ordahed me to cut it to the quick, sah," replied Clippers, showing his ivory. "I couldn't cut it any closer widout I'd skinned your skull, sah."

Winkie couldn't wait to kill him just then, but with an "I'll see you later" feeling in his breast he made for the street, where he encountered one of his friends on the way to the wedding.

"Got your hair cut?" he asked, with a grin.

"It's none of your business if I have," retorted Winkie.

Belle had just entered one of the carriages to be driven to the bride's residence as he reached the door.

"Well, now, I rather think you've got your hair cut," she said, and laughed outright.

"I've got a right to get my hair cut for all of you, I guess," he returned, savagely.

Winklereid's pet bantam was standing upon the walk as he hastened up to the steps.

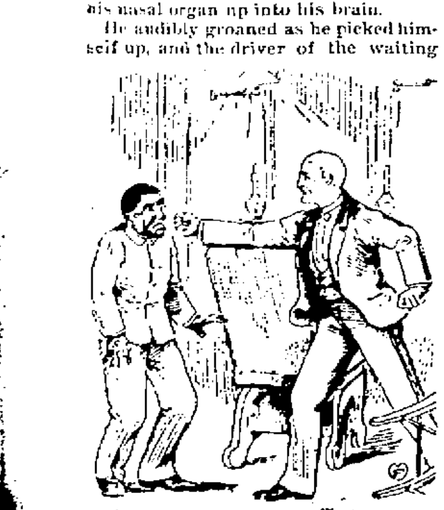
He kicked at her angrily.

She sprang agilely aside.

"Got your hair cut! Got your hair cut!" she cackled, shrilly.

Winkie made a dive at his pet pullet, intending to devote enough time to her to divest her of her plumage at the very least, but his foot slipped upon a bit of ice and he fell and struck his face upon the corner of a step and almost drove his nasal organ up into his brain.

He audibly groaned as he picked himself up, and the driver of the waiting carriage responded with a hoarse laugh.



"YOU SON OF AFRICA!" SHOUTED WINKIE.

Winkie gained the hall, triple-bolted the door, and climbed the stairs, leaving a trail of blood behind him.

Ten valuable minutes were spent in [illegible]thing his injured proboscis, ten more [illegible]ging his stained linen, and re[illegible] his wedding garments.

Winkie then looked into the glass and nearly fainted.

A veritable comic valentine stood before him.

His nose was larger than all the rest of his head, with the real old bruiser tinge to it.

His head was as white and shining as that of a white marble statue.

"I can't leave this room in ten days," he muttered.

But a few seconds' reflection showed him that he must not desert Della at the very altar.

He hustled into his outer coat and pulled his hat, thief fashion, low down over his eyes, ran downstairs, gave a few directions to the driver, and started.

He intended to stop at a celebrated hair dresser's and purchase a wig.

He found his man eager for a customer.

"I want you to fit a black, curly wig upon my head at once," cried Winkie, throwing shame to the winds. "I am Winklereid Wendall—this is my wedding day. I am ten minutes behind time now."

"Not the bridegroom of the St. John's church wedding?"

"Yes. Hurry up, I entreat you."

"What price do you wish to pay?"

"I don't care a picayune, only get it here sometime."

The hairdresser stepped to a side door, gave a few directions to some one, and then returned and requested Winkie to be seated, while he covered his wedding garments with a large, white linen sheet.

He then went into the other room and a young lady came out with a half dozen wigs in boxes.

She bit her lips at sight of Winkie's nose, and almost laughed when he said irritably:

"I want one with long hair, so that the edges of it cannot be seen so plainly."

"Very well," she returned, and began to fit an elegant ladies' coiffure with black curly bangs in front and a long Greek knot behind, upon Winkie's head.

"There, you look lovely in that," she said. "The price is one hundred dollars."

"Umph!" ejaculated Winkie, tearing the sheet from about him and laying a one hundred note on the counter.

He then clapped on his hat and started.

"Stop! Stop!" cried the young lady, shrilly.

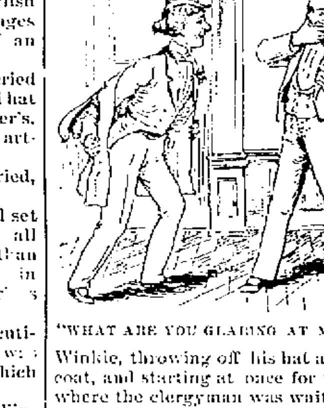
The clatter of the carriage wheels upon the pavement was all the reply which she received.

"Merciful goodness!" exclaimed the girl, almost fainting from consternation. "That was a man, and I thought it was a woman who had been fighting with her husband."

Winkie proceeded swiftly to the church which was crowded.

"Why, Wendall!" exclaimed one of the ushers who met him at the door.

"What are you glaring at me for? There are no flies on me," exclaimed



"WHAT ARE YOU GLARING AT ME FOR?"

Winkie, throwing off his hat and overcoat, and starting at once for the altar where the clergyman was waiting.

To say that this spirited entrance created a sensation is not putting it too strongly.

When he turned towards the bride, who, leaning upon her father's arm, and surrounded by six beautiful girls, was coming up the aisle, every pair of eyes in the audience was turned towards him, and every mouth which was not stuffed with a handkerchief was audibly smiling.

Mr. Deplaine stopped within a few feet of the bridegroom and stared.

"That is not the man," he ejaculated.

"What's that you say?" crisply retorted Winkie. "Don't be a fool."

Pardon him, he had been greatly tried, and then, too, he did not expect a cent from his father-in-law, who was so saving, it was said, that he used the wart on the back of his neck for a collar button.

"This—this person is inebriated," continued Mr. Deplaine. "Send for an officer quick!"

"Oh! oh!" ejaculated Della, timidly. "Where is Winkie?"

"Why, I am Winkie. Della, don't you know me?" wailed Winkie.

"Why, can it possibly be you?" whimpered the bride. "What is the matter with your face, and what have you got your hair done up for?"

Winkie put his hand to the back of his head, and for the first time discovered the Greek knot.

He seized it fiercely, and shook out the long hair of which it was composed, and then tore the wig by force from his head.

Old Deplaine grew purple in the face.

"Drunk, by Jove!" he said, and started himself for a policeman.

His departure was the signal for an uproar. Everybody laughed—nay, they shouted, and the young men stamped and whistled.

The shocked clergyman recovered his senses and escorted the bride and her maidens into the little sitting-room behind the church.

Tom Hawkins, who was Winkie's best friend, and who acted as usher, hustled Winkie in after them.

Then there was an explanation.

"I understand it all," sobbed Della, when Winkie had stopped talking. "But papa is so angry that he will never let us be married now."

"Let's be married right here, before he gets back," suggested Winkie.

They acted upon the suggestion, and when Mr. Deplaine came into the front door with the officer, the bridal party stepped out of the side door into the carriages, and away upon their wedding trip.

Mr. Deplaine was obliged to subside but it will be a long time before Winkie's wedding will be forgotten.—Sara B. Rose, in Arkansaw Traveler.

—When a man rubs up against the world he either becomes calloused or exposes his tenderness.—Texas Siftings.

ELMER ELLSWORTH.

He Was a Philosopher as Well as a Great Soldier.

An Interesting Chat with the Man Who Avenged the Zouave Leader's Death —A Hitherto Unknown Side of the Patriot-Warrior's Character.

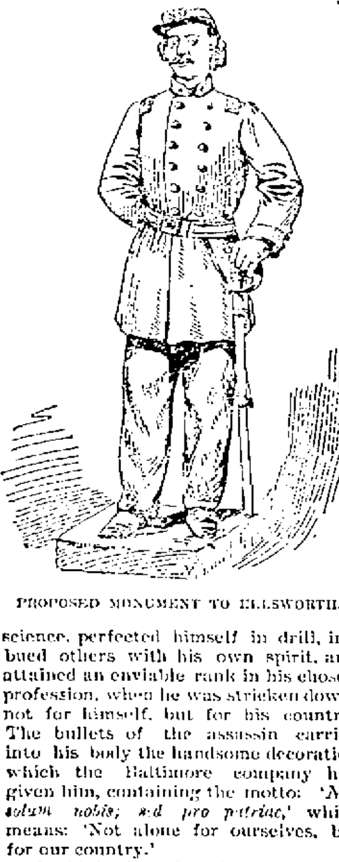
[Special Washington Letter.]

A man with a purpose always commands respect; and a gentleman actuated by motives of patriotism, hero worship and affection for the memory of the loved and lost enlists attention, consideration and, usually, admiration. Such a man is the survivor of the singular tragedy at Alexandria, of which I wrote you recently—the assassination and revenge of Ellsworth.

Lieut. Frank Brownell is a hero worshiper of the most devout and earnest type; and his hero is the boy soldier whose life he vainly tried to save, but whose slayer he so quickly ushered into the great unknown realm of eternity. Sitting in the office of your correspondent this evening and speaking of his beloved chief, Lieut. Brownell said:

"I wonder why the city of Chicago has so neglected to honor her first soldiers; and yet I realize that great events followed so fast upon each other during the civil war that it is not really a subject of surprise that the first deeds of the first soldiers are not to-day fresh in the minds of the people. I am getting well along in years now and am no longer the sprightly, athletic young fellow of thirty years ago; my beard is grizzled and my hair is getting thin; but I want to live long enough to see a monument erected in Chicago in honor of the memory of the Chicago zouaves, that company of young men who, under command of Ellsworth, made the name of the Lake city famous before she achieved commercial fame and uncounted millions of wealth. You may have forgotten, and I presume that very few young men to-day know, that the 'Chicago zouaves' furnished inspiration and tactics for the thousands of organizations which marched with torches during the political campaign of 1860 calling themselves 'Little Giants,' and 'Wideawakes;' a company which also furnished skillful officers for many of the regiments which started out as raw recruits for the civil war which came upon our country so soon afterwards."

In response to an inquiry concerning the personal history of the young soldier who fell so early in the great struggle, Lieut. Brownell said: "Very little is known to the present generation concerning the life and character of my hero, for this is a busy and bustling world; but it is not an ungrateful one. I have taken particular pains to read everything available concerning him and to study almost with religious reverence the few leaves of the diary which he left us a precious memento to his bereaved parents and loving friends. Upon his youthful mind there was the impress of a mission for which he had been called into being. He foresaw the civil war, as if by inspiration, and he, more than any of the military men of that day, prepared himself and all with whom he came into contact for the tremendous crisis into which the nation was rushing with maelstrom force and speed. Born in Saratoga county, N. Y., his first breath was of the air of freedom which swept over the plains where the British army under Burgoyne surrendered to the revolutionary army under Gen. Gates, in which army his grandfather had been a soldier; and his mother transmitted to him the spirit of the patriotism and heroism of that early day, when to be an American citizen was to be greater than a king. The ambition of his boyhood to obtain a military education at West Point was unfulfilled, for he had no influential friends, was poor, often hungry and ill clad. But he mastered the rudiments of military

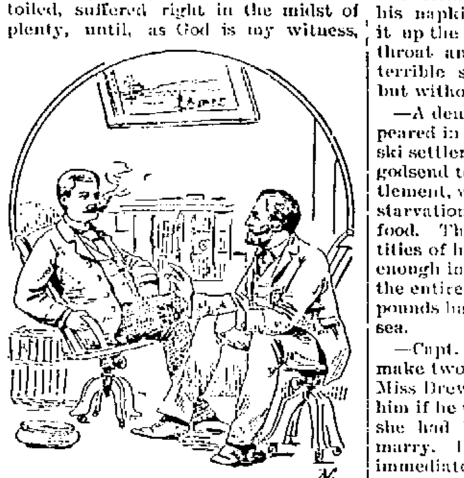


PROPOSED MONUMENT TO ELLSWORTH.

science, perfected himself in drill, imbued others with his own spirit, and attained an enviable rank in his chosen profession, when he was stricken down, not for himself, but for his country. The bullets of the assassin carried into his body the handsome decoration which the Baltimore company had given him, containing the motto: '*Non solum nobis, sed pro patriae*,' which means: 'Not alone for ourselves, but for our country.'

"I think that the city of Chicago ought to erect a monument to the memory of the 'Chicago zouaves,' which should be a statue of Ellsworth, and I would feel that my life had been well spent if in my latter days I might be present at the unveiling, and have the honor of pulling the cord which would expose the statue to the view of the people. He was expelled from the Chicago zouaves on account of his rigid discipline, went to Elgin, organized a company, drilled them, and afterwards met and vanquished the Chicago company from which he had been expelled. Thereafter he was unanimously invited to take command of the Chicago zouaves, and accepted the invitation upon the condition that by-laws, rules and regulations drawn up by himself should be adopted. The first clause of his rules for the zouaves contained the following: 'Abstinence from entering drinking saloons, houses of ill-fame, gambling hells and all disreputable places under penalty of expulsion from the corps, publication in the city papers and forfeiture of uniform and equipments.'

"With Ellsworth life was real and earnest. He organized and equipped a company which became an animated machine, and was the nucleus of the grand army which his prophetic soul foresaw. His discipline was very severe, he drilled his company for a year, and then history tells the rest. They traveled under his command all over the United States, drilling in competition with the best military organizations of every city, and vanquishing them. His greatness will be better appreciated when I tell you that during those days of self-abnegation and personal self-sacrifice, he was so poor that he lived a great deal of the time upon crackers and water. His diary tells of an invitation which he accepted to dine with a friend, and the entry says: 'How gloriously every morsel tasted—the first food I had in three days.' Another extract, under date of July 14, 1859, contains the following: 'I have tried to act right, have shunned dissipation of every kind as unworthy of one who looks forward earnestly at life, have denied myself all pleasures, feeling that so long as my parents are compelled to toil I had no right to seek simply my own pleasures; have worked, toiled, suffered right in the midst of plenty, until, as God is my witness,



LIEUT. BROWNELL TELLING HIS STORY.

have I gone so long without food that I have, in the solitude of my room, almost choked myself in my agony. Let some one who knows human nature well, who prates learnedly of the happiness of success; let such a one sacrifice everything *for some great purpose*, commit no wrong, and receive in return such treatment as I have borne, and see how quickly it will destroy philosophies—then will they understand my feelings, and account for their existence in the mind of *the old man of twenty-two*.'

"Poor boy-soldier," said Brownell, as he dried his moistened eyes, "God only knows what agony of soul he suffered. In the midst of plenty he was almost starving, and yet with the instincts of a soldier with a high mission before him he never complained, but appeared to the world proud, calm, self-contained and masterful. Before the hosts were marshaled for the war, Elmer Ellsworth was its true hero. His tragic death was but the culmination of the mission into which he was called by Divine Providence. Such men, in ancient days, were sainted; but," he added, recovering himself, "there never was such a man, suffering for others, among mortals, without the impress of divinity upon his brow. While starving, almost, he was solving the preliminary organization of the grand army of the republic which was to save the union. Moltke solved the problem of the invasion of France, but he did it on a full stomach. This military hero of America was a moral hero at the same time. Nobody understood him and but few even slightly appreciated his merits, but he went forward unflinchingly and with Napoleonic determination to conquer. While doing this work, on May 5, he wrote in his diary: 'I am getting very weak. If I could only have regular meals I could learn twice as fast, and easily. It is no light task to confine the mind to study when the stomach is absolutely craving food. If I can get enough ahead I will buy some dried meat of some kind.'

"You never knew this side of Ellsworth's history, did you?" said Lieut. Brownell. "No; and not one man in a million to-day knows of it. The general impression is that he was the son of wealthy parents, and had a royal good time with his crack company. On the contrary, he, the commander, was probably the only man in that splendid organization who suffered such privations. Let the people but know it, let the citizens of Chicago but become acquainted with the true story of Ellsworth, and I believe that they will revere his memory and give expression to their appreciation in tangible form. I am the only one living who knows his life and can speak of it. I was near him, and with him when, in the Providence of God, he was stricken down, for the good of his country. I love his memory, and want all men to know what a moral hero he was. If you will tell his story for me to the people; if you will let them know just these few things of his sufferings and privations, I believe that they will do ample honor to his memory. As I said before, this is a busy world, but it is not ungrateful, nor unappreciative of true heroism."

SMITH D. FRY.

A Comparison.

Jack—I have come to believe that there's a good deal of similarity between a Pullman car porter and Cupid's arrows.

Nellie—Gracious! How do you make that out?

Jack—Well, neither are effective unless tipped with gold or silver.—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

Spoiling the Effect.

Clara—(who has left the door open for a purpose—in a low voice)—Don't close the door, Dolph.

That Horrible Little Brother (in an extra loud voice)—Oh, I catch on, sis; you want to let Mr. Goodman see you washing the dishes. What a gag!—Once a Week.

The Summer Boarders.

Mamma's Boy (pointing to a hornet's nest)—Ma, what is that thing?

Fond Mamma—I don't know, my darling. Queer looking thing, isn't it?

Mamma's Boy—The farmer said I must not touch it.

Fond Mamma—He did, eh? Huh! We are paying him enough board to do as we please. Tear it to pieces if you want to.—Good News.

A Striking Likeness.

"Mr. Weber, this is your son's photograph which he ordered. Does it not look like him?"

"Yes."

"But he has not paid me for it yet."

"That looks still more like him."—Judge.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Constantinople is to have a museum of history. In it will be arranged chronologically types of all the weapons, uniforms and trappings in the use of the Turkish army from the beginning till now. Foreign artists and sculptors have been engaged to produce for the new museum representations of Turkey's greatest generals and most famous battles.

—The agricultural department of the ministry of imperial property of Russia has this year planted poppy seed in various points in Caucasia as an experiment for the culture of opium in that region. If the experiment proves successful the culture of opium will be formally introduced next year and energetically promoted in the districts suitable for the purpose.

—A marvelous and horrible accident happened at a private house in Paris. The host had invited a number of friends to luncheon. A great Danish boar hound was in the room, according to custom. A guest happened to drop his napkin, and while stooping to pick it up the dog with a spring seized his throat and killed him. There was a terrible struggle to pull the beast off, but without avail.

—A dense school of herring has appeared in the White sea along the Soomski settlement in Archangel. It was a godsend to the people of the whole settlement, who had been reduced to actual starvation by the dearth and want of food. The villagers netted such quantities of herring that there was not salt enough in the whole district to preserve the entire crop, and many hundreds of pounds had to be thrown back into the sea.

—Capt. Kittoe thought that he would make two hundred pounds easily when Miss Drew promised to give that sum to him if he would find a Mr. Ewing whom she had lost sight of and wanted to marry. He advertised and got news immediately, but Miss Drew refused to pay and he sued. The court decided that an honest man would have said simply: "Why don't you advertise?" And inasmuch as he failed to give this simple suggestion he was guilty of imposition.

—The Germans have sent to Germany a few African chiefs whom they wished to impress with their power. The most amusing delegation which has yet gone to Europe from Africa was that of King Mandara, who lords it on the southern slope of Mount Kilima-Njaro. They saw nothing in Berlin that seemed to them half so grand as their own country, and they were constantly drawing comparisons between the young Emperor William and their sovereign which were not complimentary to the German ruler.

—The activity of the royal gun factories in Spandau, near Berlin, has almost ceased. A year ago more than four thousand workmen were employed in the factories. To-day less than one-tenth of that number remain. There is great discontent among the townspeople in consequence, although disinterested persons look upon the discharge of the laborers as a guarantee of peace. Spandau, by the way, is the scene of the famous well in which part of the money paid as indemnity by France in 1871 is kept.

—The commander of the St. Petersburg police force has issued an order that all Jewish stores and business houses should have signs with the names, patronymics and families of the proprietors written in large, showy letters. The cause of this new order, which is the nearest approach to medieval regulation by which the Jews were compeled to wear yellow patches on their garments, is that merchants of the Hebrew faith do not write their names plainly on their signs, in order to avoid the too frequent intrusion of official extortionists and the prejudice of the unreasonable masses.

ARIZONA'S NATURAL BRIDGE.

One of the Greatest Curiosities in the United States.

Natural bridge on Pine creek, in the northern part of Gila county, is one of the greatest curiosities in the United States, equaling if not surpassing, the natural bridge of Virginia. It spans the creek at a height of two hundred feet, and the walls of the canyon rise above it on either side seven hundred or eight hundred feet, and on one side form a perpendicular precipice.

The bridge is of lime formation, and the inside of the great arch, which is some two hundred and fifty feet across, is worn by the water as smooth as though chiseled by the skillful hand of a stone mason. The arch on top is nearly, if not quite, four hundred feet in width, one thousand feet in length across the canyon, and at the thinest part only six feet through. About the center of the arch is a hole large enough to admit the body of a man, and through which one can look down into the crystal pool of water two hundred feet below.

The dike which forms the bridge extends in a sweeping curve up the right side of the stream, and, together with the bridge proper, affords a surface area of about one hundred acres of fertile land, which has been converted into a fine farm. A spring issues from the right side of the canyon at a height to admit of the water being easily conducted to any portion of the arm, and the volume is great enough to fill a ditch four feet wide and two feet deep, and to irrigate much more land than is available for cultivation.

The climate at the bridge is exceedingly equable, being warmer in the summer and much milder in the winter than that of the surrounding country, and to this fact is ascribed the wonderful variety of vegetable growth, numbering some two hundred and fifty species of trees, shrubs, vines and plants. The vicinity abounds in numerous fossils and shells, and wherever moisture percolates through the calcareous rock beautiful stalactites are formed. Underneath the bridge are numerous caves, some of which have never been explored, and which are lined with these opaque cones resembling huge icicles.—Boston Transcript

AN ELECTROPLATED CAT.

Queer Freak of a Lightning Flash in the Green Mountain State.

A freak of lightning, probably more remarkable than any hitherto recorded, occurred recently near the small village of New Salem, Vt., at the foot of the Heldeberg mountains, writes a Boston correspondent. A. S. Vandyck occupies an old mansion, in the parlor of which hung a collection of revolutionary swords, one of which was heavily plated with silver. A terrific thunderstorm came one night, and one terrible crash aroused the household. All were stunned for a moment, but recovering they hastened to discover what damage was done.

Suddenly the younger Vandyke pointed to an old-fashioned sofa. Upon it lay what was apparently the silver image of a cat curled up in an exceedingly comfortable position. As far as the shape and posture of the animal were concerned it might have been a live cat. Each glittering hair was separate and distinct, and each silvery bristle of the whiskers described a graceful curve as in life. Father and son turned toward the swords which hung upon the wall just above the sofa and there saw that the sword had been stripped of all its silver. The hilt was gone and the scabbard was but a strip of blackened steel. The family cat had been electroplated by lightning.

In one of the panes of glass in the window was found a round hole about the size of a half dollar, where the lightning had evidently entered. There was a charred streak across the sash, where the electrical fluid had made its way to the sword, down which it passed to the cat, carrying with it the silver which it deposited upon the animal. Of course the cat was instantly killed, and therefore remained in the position in which it was quietly sleeping when the flash came. It was thought the plating of the cat's body would prevent decay, and that probably it could be retained among the collection of curiosities, which is more remarkable than all. Local scientists were puzzled by the occurrence, and one of the members of the Albany institute intended to investigate the case.—Chicago Herald.

BUFFALO-HUNTING WOLVES.

A Tragic Picture of the Plains by a Western Traveler.

A far-western traveler gives the following account of an attack by wolves on a buffalo, in the days when both wolves and buffaloes swarmed on the great western plains:

"During my travels in these regions I have several times come across such a gang of these animals surrounding an old or wounded bull, where it would seem from appearances that they had been for several days in attendance, and at intervals desperately engaged in the effort to take his life. But a short time since, as one of my hunting companions and myself were returning to our encampment with our horses loaded with meat, we discovered at a distance a huge bull encircled with a gang of white wolves. We rode up as near as we could without driving them away, and, being within pistol-shot, we had a remarkably good view, where I sat for a few moments and made a sketch in my note-book, after which we rode up and gave the signal for the wolves to disperse—which they instantly did, withdrawing themselves to the distance of fifty or sixty rods; when we found, to our great surprise, that the animal had made desperate resistance until his eyes were entirely torn out of his head, the gristle of his nose was mostly gone, his tongue was half bitten off, and the skin and flesh of his legs were torn almost literally into strings.

"In this tattered and torn condition the poor old veteran stood bracing up in the midst of his tormentors, who had ceased hostilities for a few minutes to enjoy a sort of parley, recovering strength and preparing to resume the attack in a few moments. In this group were some reclining to gain breath, whilst others were sneaking about and licking their chops in anxiety for a renewal of the attack; and others, less lucky, had been crushed to death by the feet or horns of the bull. I rode nearer to the pitiable object as he stood bleeding and trembling before me, and said to him: 'Now is your time, old fellow, and you had better be off!' Though blind and nearly destroyed, there seemed evidently to be a recognition of a friend in me, as he straightened up, and trembling with excitement, dashed off at full speed upon the prairie, in a straight line.

"We turned our horses and resumed our march, and when we had advanced a mile or more we looked back and on our left, where we saw again the ill-fated animal surrounded by his tormentors, to whose insatiable voracity he unquestionably soon fell a victim."—N. Y. Ledger.

HAD HIS BRAND WITH HIM.

A Kenosha Man Who Nearly Came to Grief in a Dry-Goods Store.

Just before the shower the other day a man rushed into one of the big State street dry-goods stores, selected a seven-dollar umbrella, and said to the salesman:

"I want this charged. I want to take it with me, and I've just thirty minutes to catch my train."

"What name?" languidly inquired the salesman.

"O. Little, Kenosha," replied the man.

"Got an account?"

"Had one for five years."

"Are you Mr. Little?"

"I am."

The salesman called over a floor-walker and explained that Mr. O. Little, of Kenosha, who had an account, and was Mr. Little himself, had selected a seven-dollar umbrella, which he wanted to have charged and take with him.

"Um—ah!" said the floor-walker. "I know Mrs. Little, but——"

"Well, I'm her husband, and I pay the bills," said the man.

"Um—ah!" said the floor-walker. "You have no idea how we are imposed upon—the rules of the house are so strict—do you know any one in the store, Mr. Little?"

Mr. Little thought a moment and said he knew Mr. Beater in the carpet department. Mr. Little and the floor-walker unfortunately found that Mr. Beater was ill and not down that day. Mr. Little grew red and hot and the floor-walker pompous. Mr. Little finally recollected that he knew a man at the glove counter, one Mr. Kidd. Unfortunately it was discovered that Mr. Kidd had gone to lunch. Mr. Little grew desperate and the floor-walker suspicious. Mr. Little didn't know anybody else in the store or out of it, and showed a pocketful of letters addressed to "O. Little, Kenosha, Wis." The floorwalker said he was sorry, but, etc. Mr. Little was determined to have that umbrella charged and take it away with him besides. He argued, threatened, pleaded. 'Twas all in vain.

Suddenly he made a frantic grab at his vest, ripped open the buttons, fumbled wildly for an instant, and then exhibited an embroidered bit [illegible] linen.

"There!" said he [illegible]
I'd be wear[illegible]
wasn't O. Li[illegible]

"That goo[illegible]
Chicago Tri[illegible]

HE WANTED A SHOCK.

A Maine Man Had His Curiosity More Than Satisfied.

The upper Pine street man who does not come into town often stepped into a Lisbon street druggist's one day, and seeing a dry electric battery on the counter began to ask questions.

After his curiosity had been satisfied he said that he'd like a shock. He was given one, but it didn't suit, and he intimated that he preferred the business end of a fluid battery to the action of the so-called dry battery.

Under the counter the apothecary keeps a very large fluid battery. It is a peculiar battery also. It is out of order, but it goes spasmodically. Now it moves easily and softly, and now it rips and tears and just rears up on its hind legs and kicks. It is a vicious machine, but this man is big and strong and he wanted a real hard shock, and—well, he got it.

Fixing the battery in order and setting it to buzzing, the druggist went back to his desk and left his caller in the ecstatic enjoyment of the warm and pleasant current of the sunshine side of that battery. The day was quiet in the store, and the "buz-z-z-z" of the battery alone broke the stillness.

Suddenly there was a yell. It was an awful yell.

"See here! Hi, there! Whoa, there! See here! Wha—hi! Geewhitaker!"

"What's the matter?" sang out the druggist.

"This machine. Come here. Come here, I say."

"Why don't you let go of the handles?" asked the druggist, who was in the critical part of a prescription and couldn't leave.

"Can't."

"Yes, you can."

"Push in the rehostat."

"Push in the wall. Push in your eye teeth. Drop that stuff. I'll settle. Drop it. Ease up your horses. Oh-h, oh-h!"

Appreciating the situation the druggist dropped his work and ran to the rescue, and when he got there the strong man was doubled up like an umbrella and was doing more contortions to a minute than the "boneless wonder."

As the druggist pulled out the carbons and released his prey the man dropped the handles, and as he sank into a chair and rubbed his hands on his coat tail he mingled with a long-drawn, jubilant, soothing restful "There."

And then he went out.—Lewiston Journal.

A BRILLIANT SCHEME

How a Writer Set to Work to Make His Fortune.

"That's a good story," said the newspaper man's friend as he finished reading the tale. "You can sell that."

"Well, I don't know about that," said the newspaper man doubtfully. "It has the merit of brevity, of course, but the papers are not running much to that style of story now."

"I see 'em every day."

"That may be, too; but it's no sign that this will be accepted."

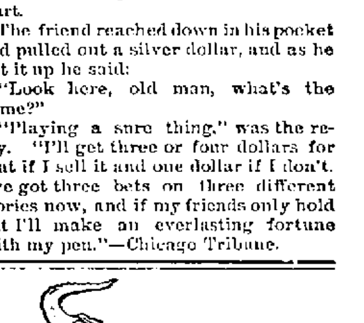
"I'll bet you a dollar it will be."

"Take you!" shouted the newspaper man so suddenly that it made his friend start.

The friend reached down in his pocket and pulled out a silver dollar, and as he put it up he said:

"Look here, old man, what's the game?"

"Playing a sure thing," was the reply. "I'll get three or four dollars for that if I sell it and one dollar if I don't. I've got three bets on three different stories now, and if my friends only hold out I'll make an everlasting fortune with my pen."—Chicago Tribune.



The Turning Point

With many a man is some trivial act, and a mere recommendation of some friend to try S. S. S. has saved the lives of hundreds.

Speaking a good word for S. S. S. is natural, for wherever it has been tried there have always been good results.

S. S. S. for
Blood Poisoning,
Cancer of the Skin,
Ulcers and Sores,
All Skin Diseases.

A treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed FREE on application.

Druggists Sell It.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

DON'T

Make a task of that which need only be a delight.

In roasting meats in the ovens of

CHARTER OAK STOVES

AND RANGES,

No Basting is Required.

Bread and pastries baked in them are simply incomparable.

NO CHANGE OF CLIMATE NEEDED.

ASTHMA

WE WILL SEND YOU TESTIMONY FROM PEOPLE WHO LIVE NEAR YOU.

CURED TO STAY CURED.

P. HAROLD HAYES, M. D.,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

HAY-FEVER

OR WRITE TO US FOR PROOFS.

[illegible]

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc., thoroughly [illegible] mail. Total lessons free. Bryant & Stratton, [illegible]

[illegible]

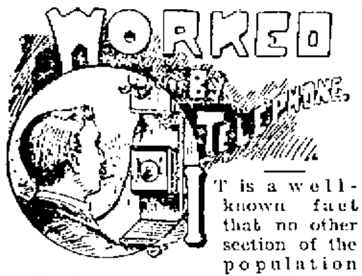
A MAN'S HEROINE.

Some girls are extrolled for their beauty,
And some for their knowledge and wit,
And others for doing a duty
Of hardship and courage and grit;
And some for composing a sonnet,
Or acting and filling a hall,
But the girl who can trim her own bonnet
And make her own dresses beats all.

Miss Patti more music may warble,
Rose Bonheur excel her with paint,
Miss Hosmer carve better on marble,
She may not be half of a saint—
But if she can make her own dresses
And trim her own bonnet, we hold
She is—for the husband she blesses—
Worth more than the others all told.

A girl who can make her head pretty
And, also, her figure look sweet,
Is, either in country or city,
A prize which no genius can beat;
And when in addition she's able
To care for the babies and cook
We set her right up on the table
And call on creation to look.

Hurrah for this girl and no other—
We shout her unlimited praise!
To win her away from her mother
And wed her we're trying always;
She makes a man happy forever
By helping—as nature ordains—
While those who, alas, are too clever,
But add to his troubles and pains.
—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.



IT is a well-known fact that no other section of the population avail themselves more readily and speedily of the latest triumph of science than the criminal class," said the detective.

"The well-informed criminal," he continued, "skims the cream from every new invention, if he can make use of it. No iron safe has yet been constructed that keeps out the shrewd and determined burglar, and that's the way in everything. But I don't recall a case in which this truth was more thoroughly demonstrated than the Maxwell case."

"What case was that?" I asked.

"It was at the time when the telephone had just been introduced into business and private use. George Maxwell was at that time one of the most successful speculators on the board of trade at Chicago, and was currently reported to have tipped the scale which marked one million dollars. He was a young and handsome man and had just married a lady of remarkable beauty. It was a decided love match. A score or so of messages were dispatched every day during business hours. They contained such important queries as: '2:10 p. m. How are you now, darling?' And replies like this: '2:35 p. m. I sigh for you. How is my sweetest?' Well, to save outlay and to increase the facility of communication, Mr. Maxwell connected his office with his home in Ashland avenue, two miles off, by a private telephone wire. He was one of the first men in Chicago to do so. About two out of six business hours were now spent by him at the instrument.

"One day, just before the close of business, there was a ring at the telephone. The devoted husband with a leap was there. 'What does my darling wish?' he murmured.

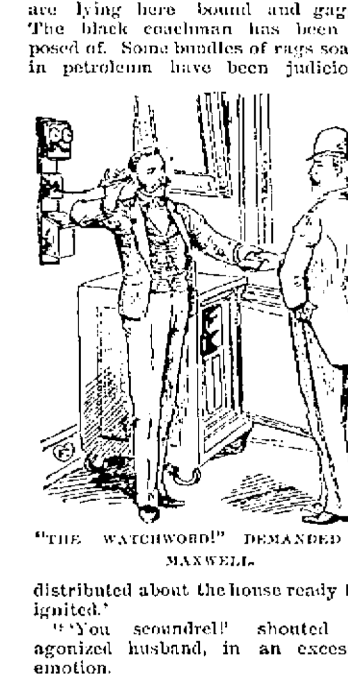
"'I'm no darling. You mistake me, sir!' came the reply, in a masculine voice, a voice rough and rasping, but very distinct.

"'Who are you then?' asked the astonished millionaire.

"'I'm Thomas Jefferson Odell, the accomplished burglar, if you want to know!'

"'Repeat, please,' gasped the other.

"'Odell, the burglar,' came the answer. 'But, now listen, I cannot waste time. I and two of my gang have gained access to your house. The cook, the chambermaid and your wife are lying here bound and gagged. The black coachman has been disposed of. Some bundles of rags soaked in petroleum have been judiciously



"THE WATCHWORD!" DEMANDED MR. MAXWELL.

distributed about the house ready to be ignited.'

"'You scoundrel!' shouted the agonized husband, in an excess of emotion.

"'Don't excite yourself. Now, sir, here is my proposal. If you disappear from the telephone without acceding to it I shall set fire to the house. It's no use applying to the police, for we'd be too quick for them. You will see, Mr. Maxwell, that you are utterly in my power. The only sensible thing you can do is to listen to my proposal and to agree to it.'

"'Oh, I wish I had my hand at your throat, you villain!' shouted the millionaire, shaking with age.

"'But you know you haven't, so what's the use of your talking that way! Let us talk business instead. I need a loan of ten thousand dollars cash. I need it at once. If you are inclined to lend me that sum without guarantee I shall leave your house with my men in exactly the same condition in which I found it.'

"'You are ruining me,' groaned Maxwell. 'And I don't think I have that much money in cash in the office safe.'

"'You'll force me to commit an atrocious deed," came the remorseless reply.

"'All right then—yes, I'll pay, but to whom?'

"'It is now 5:15 exactly. At this very moment my confederate has entered your office to receive the money. You will pay him and he will tell you the watchword agreed to between us, which you will telephone to me at once.'

"Mr. Maxwell turned around. A stranger of pleasant mien, dressed in the height of fashion, stood before him. Said the visitor:

"'I have called to collect a little matter of ten thousand dols. for a friend of mine, Thomas Jefferson Odell.'

"'I understand,' replied Mr. Maxwell, who went to the safe, took from it two packets containing ten thousand dollars, and handed the money to the stranger.

"The latter ascertained that the amount was correct, and placed it inside his breast pockets.

"'And the watchword?' demanded Mr. Maxwell.

"'Do right and interfere not!' replied the burglar's confederate, with an assumption of dignity, and strode out of the office with all the grandeur of a Spanish hidalgo.

"'Do right and interfere not!' joyfully shouted Mr. Maxwell through the telephone. 'And now you'll leave my premises, Mr. Odell, won't you? And as for my wife—'

"'Have no fear, Mr. Maxwell,' replied the man at the other end, 'you have to deal with a burglar and a gentleman.'

"Mr. Maxwell locked his office, entered his carriage, and galloped to his residence. The more closely he approached, the keener his fear of a catastrophe became. But as he stopped at the gate he noticed nothing out of the way. He sprang up the stairs, and entered the pretty boudoir of his prettier wife. She was quietly reading.

"'How you must have suffered, my angel!' he cried, and a sob shook his voice.

"The young wife looked up, astonished.

"'Suffered? I?'

"'That burglar, you know—it must have been awful. Oh, you poor darling!'

"'Why George, dear, what is the matter? You speak in riddles.'

"'But didn't he gag you?' he asked.

"'Now, my dearest George, I wish you would talk sense. What do you mean?'

"After Mr. Maxwell had finished the recital of his adventure, he asked:

"'Wasn't there somebody here using my telephone?'

"'Why, yes, there was,' replied Mrs. Maxwell. 'A young and well-dressed man came in, introduced himself to me as Mr. Thomas Jefferson Odell, a speculator and business friend of yours, and requested permission to make use of your private telephone to send you a most important message on business. Of course I gave him permission. He used the telephone but a short time and then came back into the drawing-room, thanked me for the favor I had done him and went away, saying the telephone was a most useful and admirable invention—it facilitated business so much.'

"'And that was all?' queried Mr. Maxwell; 'he didn't gag you and the servants? He was alone, and did not offer violence to you?'

"'Not at all. He was most polite and gentlemanly—quite as much as you are at this moment, George.'

"'Great Scott!' exclaimed Maxwell, with a wild outburst, 'how gigantically I've been sold. Excuse me, dear, but I can't help it. I'll drive over and interview the police.'

"And that's what he did," concluded the detective, "and that's the way I came in possession of the facts. But after talking the matter over and consulting with the smartest detectives in my service, we arrived at the conclusion that there was little chance of recovering the money. The pair were too adroit. In spite of all our efforts since we've heard nothing more of the $10,000, nor of Mr. Thomas Jefferson Odell and his confederate."—Boston Globe.

MANHATTAN MILESTONES.

Old Landmarks Still Existing in New York.

How many people out of the tens of thousands who pass up and down daily by those historic mementoes of the little city of the past take notice of the milestones by which the Manhattan Island farmer or country gentleman regulated his speed or computed his time for pleasure and shopping as he came and left town? Yet there is the milestone of old stage-coach days on the Bowery opposite Rivington street, and on Third avenue, near Seventeenth street, on the west side, opposite a Chinese laundry, stands a stone bearing the legend in deeply graven but time-worn letters: "Two Miles from City Hall, New York." On upper Eighth avenue another stone gives not only the number of miles from the city hall, but also the distance from Harlem village as measured by the old Kingsbridge road from that hamlet across the island. At Kingsbridge, where the old post road crossed Spuyten Duyvil creek into Westchester county, diverging thence to Albany and Boston, is the last of the milestones. It still bears the inscription: "Fourteen Miles from the City Hall, New York." These stones were set up when the final survey of the city was made by John Randel, engineer, 1807-9, whose measurements and plans of the city's streets, avenues and public places were so accurate that they have stood unchallenged until this day.—N. Y. Sun.

The Largest Painting.

Jacopo Robusti, named Tintoretto, born at Venice in 1512, a pupil of Titian, was an artist whose execution was the boldest and the quickest and his canvases the largest. His largest work is the Paradise, in the grand salon of the Doge's Palace at Venice. The painting is 84 feet wide and 34 feet high. He was one of the most rapid painters, but his work shows no signs of hurry. If we include the decorations of walls and ceilings, this size has been exceeded by Sir James Thornhill's fine painting on the ceiling of the great hall at Greenwich hospital, 122 feet by 56 feet, representing the founders, William III. and Queen Mary, surrounded by the attributes of national prosperity. Michael Angelo also executed an immense painting of this description in the Sistine chapel of the Vatican. He was commissioned by Pope Julius II. to paint the vaulted roof of the chapel, measuring 133 feet in length and 45 feet in width. The painting represents the creation of man, his fall, and the early history of the world—with reference to man's final redemption and salvation.—N. Y. Advertiser.

—Wollard—"What do you mean by telling the boys that you have had the lockjaw?" Pollard—"Just a little joke of mine. You see, I couldn't find that lock last night, and my wife gave me the jaw from the window above."—Lowell Citizen.

FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

CAN'T LEARN IT ALL.

Papa says I must go to school,
To read and spell and write,
And then, maybe, to college, too,
If I study with all my might;
I am four years old, and I'm pretty tall,
But I'm thinking I never can learn it all!

Aunt Nell says I must learn to sew,
To overcast, stitch and fell,
And learn to play the piano,
And the violin, as well;
I am four years old, and I'm pretty tall,
But I'm thinking I never can learn it all!

Grandma says I must learn to knit,
And to crochet beautiful lace,
Aunt Nan says she will teach me to draw,
And to copy the baby's face;
I am four years old, and I'm pretty tall,
But I'm thinking I NEVER can learn it all!

Mamma says I must learn to cook,
And to make nice bread and cake,
And puddings and salads and jellies, too,
And to broil and steam and bake;
I am four years old, and I'm pretty tall!
But I'm thinking I NEVER can learn it all!
—Youth's Companion.

HAL'S SHOES.

Why He Wanted to Patronize Mr. Mason.

Hal had been around the corner of the street to see Mr. Mason. Mr. Mason is a cobbler who has a little shop on the avenue, and between whom and Hal a strong friendship existed.

"He's one of my best friends," Hal often explains to unfortunate people who have not the happiness of knowing Mr. Mason.

To-day he came in with a faint cloud on his little brown seven-year-old face. He curled himself up in a big chair opposite his mamma, and watched her sew for some time without making the slightest noise, or in any way betraying his presence.

At last, wondering what was the matter with him, she said: "What makes my son so quiet?"

"Mamma," he broke forth, ignoring the question, "you know Mr. Mason's very poor. Well, you thought it was good when he got that other man to help him—help him make shoes. Now let me tell you, he has to pay that man. I guess that makes him poorer than ever."

Mamma tried to combat this gloomy view, but Hal was inclined to hold to his impressions, and to advocate his own remedies.

"The trouble is, mamma," he insisted, climbing up on the arm of his chair in his eagerness, "you buy your shoes in stores—nearly everybody does—and then, of course, Mr. Mason can't get much to do. You think they are cheaper, but they wear out, oh, v-e-e-ry much quicker; they do; Mr. Mason told me so. I want Mr. Mason to make me a pair. He's a friend of mine, and father always says stand by your friends. Mayn't he—mayn't he, mamma?"

Mamma replied that as Hal was trying to follow his father's precepts he had better ask him for the shoes.

Hal stood on the front steps for half an hour that evening, waiting for the head of the house to return from downtown.

"Father," he began, while that gentleman was feeling in his pocket for his latch-key, "I want some new shoes. I need them, and I want Mr. Mason to make them. He—"

"I don't want to hear anything about shoes before dinner, Hal," was the reply he was met with before he could state his argument, and Hal was so anxious to get a job for Mr. Mason that he actually managed by the greatest self-control to be patient, and keep the word shoes off his lips for a full hour. But when his father was drinking his coffee he climbed on his knee, and said.

"Now, father, it's after dinner, and I want Mr. Mason to make me some shoes."

"Hey, what? Is it a new game? 'It's after dinner, and Mr. Mason makes shoes,' is that it? What do I say next?"

"You say: 'Yes, my son,'" cried Hal, clapping his hands. "It's such a nice game; you go on, and you'll see."

It was a game that Hal won—or was it Mr. Mason? Which would you say?—for the next day, with his small frame swelling with kindness and triumph, Hal went to the little shop on the avenue, and ordered a pair of patent-leather shoes. He had learned enough shoe-lore from Mr. Mason, you see, to know which were the most expensive, and so he insisted on that kind. When they came home he put them on at once, and half an hour later his mother found him very vigorously jumping on and off the steps in front of the house.

"You'll wear out your new shoes very soon at that rate," she said, and then she saw by the half-mischievous embarrassment on his face that that was exactly what he meant to do. "Unless Mr. Mason's shoes last a long time, we can't afford to buy them," she went on, and then Hal looked troubled, and came into the house and took off his new shoes.

I think that between wanting to get another job for Mr. Mason and wanting to show how good his shoes are, Hal has some difficulty these days in deciding just when to wear patent-leather and when not to; but I imagine his bewilderment results in giving the shoes a very fair chance to show what they are, for they are wearing very well.—Viola Roseboro, in Harper's Young People.

TELL THE TRUTH.

How a Boy May Build Up an Enviable Reputation for Himself.

My boy, the first thing you want to learn—if you haven't learned how to do it already—is to tell the truth. The pure, sweet, refreshing, wholesome truth. The plain, unvarnished, simple, every-day, manly truth, with a little "t." Truth with a big "T"—the vague, intangible, unmeaning Truth of the man with an "ism" and the woman with a fad—has been arrayed by her votaries in so many robes of garish hues and ever-varying colors that Joseph, in his Sunday coat, would look like a nun in mourning alongside of her. Just you tell the truth.

For one thing, it will save you so much trouble. Oh, heaps of trouble. And no end of hard work. And a terrible strain upon your memory. Sometimes—and when I say sometimes, I mean a great many times—it is hard to tell the truth the first time. But when you have told it there is an end of it. You have won the victory; the fight is over. Next time you tell that truth you can tell in without thinking. Your memory may be faulty, but you tell your story without a single lash from the stinging whip of that stern, old, task-master—conscience. You don't have to stop and remember how you told it yesterday. You don't get half through with it, and then stop with the awful sense upon you that you are not telling it as you did the other time, and can not remember just how you did tell it then. You won't have to look around to see who is there before you begin telling it. And you won't have to invent a lot of new lies to reinforce the old one. After Ananias told a lie, his wife had to tell another just like it. You see, if you tell lies you are apt to get your whole family into trouble. Lies always travel along in a gang with their co-equals.

And then, it is so foolish for you to lie. You can not pass a lie off for the truth, any more than you can get counterfeit money into circulation. The leaden dollar is always detected before it goes very far. A bogus quarter is always found out in a little while. When you tell a lie it is known. Yes, you say "God knows it." That's right; but He is not the only one. So far as God's knowledge of it is concerned the liar doesn't care very much. He doesn't worry himself about what God knows—if he did, he wouldn't be a liar; but it does worry the man, or boy, who tells lies to think that everybody else knows it. The other boys know it; your teacher knows it; people who hear you tell "whoppers," know it; your mother knows it, but she won't say so. And all the people who know it, and don't say anything about it to you, talk about it to each other, and—dear! dear! the things they say about a boy who is given to telling big stories! If he could only hear them it would make him stick to the truth like flour to a miller.

And, finally, if you tell the truth always, I don't see how you are going to get very far out of the right way. It isn't well to have too many rules of conduct and laws of living, because if you have a long code of many laws, it is so much easier to forget one-half of them than it is to remember the other half. But any boy can remember one; you can remember to tell the truth. And how people do trust a truthful boy. We never worry about him when he is out of our sight. We never say: "I wonder where he is; I wish I knew what he is doing; I wonder who he is with; I wonder why he doesn't come home." Nothing of the sort. We know he is all right, and that when he comes home we will know all about it and get it straight. We don't have to ask him where he is going and how long he will be gone every time he goes out of the house. We don't have to call him back and make him "solemnly promise" the same thing over and over two or three times. When he says "Yes, I will," or "No, I won't" just once that settles it. He may go where he will and we won't fret about him. We don't have to cross-examine him when he comes home to find out where he has been. He tells us once, and that is enough. We don't have to say "Sure?" "Are you sure, now?" when he tells anything. Sure? We would as soon think of asking the sun if he was sure he rose in the east this morning.

But, my boy, you can't build up that reputation by merely telling the truth about half the time, nor two-thirds, nor three-fourths, nor nine-tenths of the time; but all the time. If it brings punishment upon you while the liar escapes; if it brings you into present disgrace while the smooth-tongued liars are exalted; if it loses you a good position; if it degrades you in the class; if it stops a week's pay; no matter what punishment it may bring upon you, tell the truth.

All these things will soon be righted. The worst whipping that can be laid on a boy's back won't keep him out of the water in swimming time longer than a week; but a lie will burn in the memory fifty years. Tell the truth for the sake of the truth, and all the best people in the world will love and respect you, and all the liars respect and hate you.—Robert J. Burdette, in Ladies' Home Journal.

HER LITTLE WELL.

Guess She Made It for the Robins Without Knowing It.

"Papa, somebody 'pilled the water out my well."

"Oh, I guess it leaked out," papa said.

"But it touldn't," insisted baby.

"The ground soaked it up," papa said.

Baby shook her head.

"F'ed 'pilled it out," she said.

Fred was her brother, and was a year older than herself. Whenever anything went wrong with baby she blamed him. That wasn't quite fair, to be sure, but then she had some excuse for it.

"Where is your well?" papa asked.

"Yite out here," baby said, as she pointed to a near-by shed. "I dug it with a 'tick. Come and see it."

She led him to it, her chubby hand in his. It wasn't a bad sort of a well for a baby to make.

Papa was surprised to find that she had set an old fruit can into the hole. The can was water-tight, and she had a right to think somebody had spilled it.

"We'll fill up the well with water, and then watch it," papa said.

"The nex' one I'll dig, oh, ever so deep!" baby cried. "I'll put a yeal pump in it, so mamma can det water."

Early the next morning baby was standing by the open bedroom window. Papa was getting ready to go down to breakfast.

"Oh, look, papa! look!" baby cried, in great excitement. "Two nassy wobbins are 'pillin' the water in my well."

Papa walked to the window, looked out, and laughed. One of the robins was in baby's well, taking a bath.

"Those robins have a nest in the lilac bushes," papa said. "Do you know what they are thinking?"

No, papa. What is the wobbins tinking?"

"They are thinking: 'Oh, isn't this just grand! Baby put it here for us, and it was very nice in her, wasn't it?'"

Baby's face grew very thoughtful, and then a pleased smile spread over it.

"I'm glad they like my well," she exclaimed. "I dess I jus' made it for them without knowin' it."

Then she added: "Papa, F'ed didn't 'pill the water. I blamed him wrong that time, didn't I, papa?"—Frank H. Stauffer, in Youth's Companion.

Didn't Look Like Nothing.

Sadie was teaching little Guy to make the numerals on his slate, and telling him what they each stood for, when she came to the cipher. "That," she said, "is nothing." The little eyes widened, and he looked at it some time before he remarked, thoughtfully: "'At doesn't *look* like nossin'!"—Youth's Companion.

—A young English lady, while out sketching in Colorado, was surrounded by about fifty wild cattle, which moved threateningly toward her. Not knowing what else to do, she began to sing the soldiers' chorus in "Faust," and one after another the animals began to quietly graze, and she walked through them without being molested.

In the September Wide Awake

There is good history, biography and travel (see "The Prince Imperial" and "Stanley's Bananas"), outdoor sport and indoor ethics (see "Two Fishermen," "The Margaret-Patty Letters" and "All Because a Bluebird Sang"), curious natural history (see "How I tended Silk-worms," "An Odd Set," and "Two Acquaintances of Mine"), fanciful tale and the higher sort of fairy story (see "Peterkin and Pollikin go to the Fair," and "A Tale of the Black Forest"), practical art-lessons (see "Drawing the Child-Figure"), a masterly serial (see Margaret Sidney's "The Peppers Grown Up"), a fine array of short stories (see Mrs. Bates's "Red Lilies," Mrs. Sherwood's "Sovereign of '46," Clarissa Porter's "Aunt Betsey's Cap Box," etc.), pages of original anecdotes, and pictures and poems galore; among them Hassam's drawings of "Gossamer Girls," and Mrs. Mary E. Blake's "Masquerade" are especially delighting.

$2.40 a year; 20 cents a number. A sample (back number) for 5 cents. D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

POLITICS is not discussed to any great extent at summer resorts, but it is a generally established fact that on the moonlit end of the piazza the third party is always unpopular.—Baltimore American.

The Only One Ever Printed. Can You Find the Word?

Each week, a different 3 inch display is published in this paper. There are no two words alike in either ad., except One word. This word will be found in the ad. for Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic, Little Liver Pills and Wild Cherry Bitters. Look for "Crescent" trade mark. Read the ad. carefully and when you find the word, send it to them and they will return you a book, beautiful lithographs and sample free.

SHE had good cause.—"I heard that Lillie has cast Mr. Comofen off because he put on too many frills." "Yes! That's ruff."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Have You Sympathy for the Wretched?

Then never refuse a modicum to the dyspeptic unless it be the obstinate individual who refuses or neglects to avail himself of the great recuperant of digestion and assimilation, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which not only knocks dyspepsia into a cocked hat, but soon gives malaria constipation, rheumatism and kidney trouble a Waterloo defeat.

WHEN making a speech, my son, follow the example of the best needle manufacturers and sink the I.—Boston Transcript.

Harvest Excursions—Reduced Rates to the South, Southeast, West and Northwest.

September 15th and 29th, the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad, will sell Round Trip Harvest Excursion Tickets, to points in the South, Southeast, West and Northwest, at greatly reduced rates. For particulars inquire of Ticket Agent.

FIRST Scribbler—"How's a fellow to keep cool this dreadfully hot weather?" Second Scribbler—"Write nothing but cold facts."

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All are entitled to the best that their money will buy, so every family should have, at once, a bottle of the best family remedy, Syrup of Figs, to cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c and $1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

IT is no breach of logic to conclude that the man with the rum blossom is a blooming chump.—Washington Star.

YOU hardly realize that it is medicine, when taking Carter's Little Liver Pills: they are very small; no bad effects; all troubles from torpid liver are relieved by their use.

MAN'S love for his sweetheart is often nearly two thirds jealousy of some other fellow.—Milwaukee Journal.

KEEP the pores open is essential to health. Glenn's Sulphur Soap does this.
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

THE editor's waste basket is proof that he is always prepared for the worst.—Boston Courier.

IT is no longer necessary to take blue pills to rouse the liver to action. Carter's Little Liver Pills are much better. Don't forget this.

MANY a reputed wag turns out to be merely a scalawag.—Boston Courier.

BRONCHITIS is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

PEOPLE devote too much time to looking at the clock.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels cranky, and is constantly experimenting, dieting himself, adopting strange notions, and changing the cooking, the dishes, the hours, and manner of his eating—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels at times a gnawing, voracious, insatiable appetite, wholly unaccountable, unnatural and unhealthy.—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels no desire to go to the table and a grumbling, fault-finding, over-nicety about what is set before him when he is there—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools—August Flower the Remedy. ⑤

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POUR some water in the sleeve holding the end tight as here shown or anywhere else where there is a seam, and see if it is water tight. There are goods in the market that look very nice but will leak at every seam. We warrant Tower's IMPROVED Fish Brand Slicker to be water tight at every seam *and everywhere else;* also *not to peel or stick,* and authorize our dealers to make good any Slicker that fails in either point.
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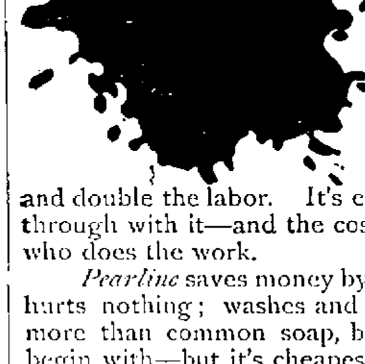

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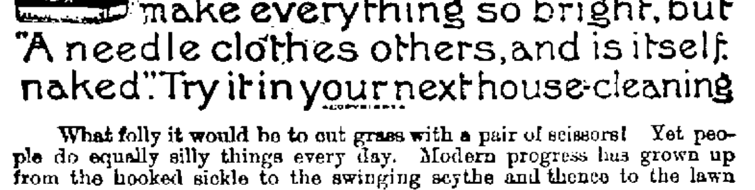
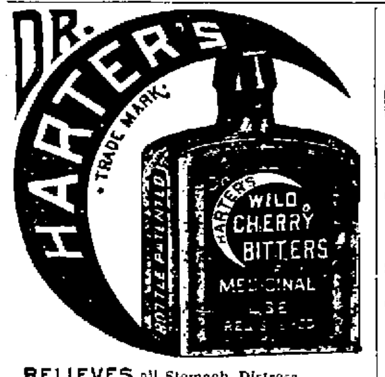


Strange indeed that
A PLAIN THING
like SAPOLIO should make everything so bright, but
"A needle clothes others, and is itself naked." Try it in your next house-cleaning

What folly it would be to cut grass with a pair of scissors! Yet people do equally silly things every day. Modern progress has grown up from the hooked sickle to the swinging scythe and thence to the lawn mower. So don't use scissors!

But do you use SAPOLIO? If you don't you are as much behind the age as if you cut grass with a dinner knife. Once there were no soaps. Then one soap served all purposes. Now the sensible folks use one soap in the toilet, another in the tub, one soap in the stables, and SAPOLIO for all scouring and house-cleaning.



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THE OCTOROON

A STORY OF SLAVERY DAYS.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

terrible, incalculable, if employed for the latter—the power of a great intellect and an unyielding will.

"Pauline!" exclaimed Camilla, "you are an enigma."

"Not so," answered the governess, her clear blue eyes dilating, her lip quivering with suppressed emotion. "Not so, Camillia; I am an injured woman."

"Injured!"

"Yes. You, whose life has been smooth as yonder river, sleeping beneath the sunshine that gilds its breast—you have never known what it is to writhe beneath a sense of injury—to feel that your whole existence has been blighted by the crimes of others. There are wrongs that can transform an angel to a fiend; so do not wonder when you see me cold, heartless, ambitious, designing. My nature was poisoned by the events of my youth. I said that I would one day tell you my story. Shall I tell it you now?"

"Yes, Pauline, yes; if it is not painful to you."

"It is painful; but I feel a savage pleasure in the pain. I gnash my teeth at the remembrance of the old and bitter wrongs; but I love to recall them, for the thought of them makes me strong. Have you ever wondered at my past history, Camillia?"

"Never."

"I was born beneath a princely roof, cradled in the luxury of a palace; the man I called my father was a duke—the woman, whose gorgeous beauty smiled upon my infancy, was a duchess!"

"They were your parents?" exclaimed Camillia.

"I was taught to think so. They were of the Italian race, and sprang from one of the most powerful families of the south—a family whose pride had become a proverb throughout Italy.

"They had been married for some years, and had grown weary of hoping for an heir to the ancient name which, if they had died without posterity, would have become extinct. Disappointed in his hope of perpetuating his noble race, the duke had grown indifferent to his beautiful wife; nay, something worse than indifference had arisen—something bordering on dislike, which, in spite of his efforts, he was unable to conceal. The duchess came of a house almost as noble as that of her husband. She was a haughty and imperious woman and she was not slow to perceive this change in the manner of the duke. She discovered, that in the very prime of her youth and beauty she was despised by her husband. The bitterness of this discovery changed her very nature. Every day she grew more haughty, more exacting, more capricious. She shut herself from the gay world in which she had been admired, and abandoned herself to a mute but terrible despair."

"Poor woman, she suffered!" murmured Camillia.

"She did. She was wronged, but it did not make her more pitiful to others when their time of suffering came. It hardened her nature, and made her merciless, as all injustice must ever do. The duke observed this gloomy silence—this dumb despair. He could not restore to her an affection which he no longer felt; but he sought to revive her spirits by change of scene, and by those hollow pleasures which are the sole resource of the idle."

"Vain solace! Poor lady, she was indeed to be pitied."

"Ay, but her haughty soul would have rejected pity as the direst wrong. The duke left Italy, and took her to Paris, where, in the midst of the gay and frivolous, she might forget her domestic griefs; but in France, as in Italy, she refused to share in the pleasures of the world of rank and fashion, and obstinately shut herself in her own chamber."

"Yet she did not die! Strange that such sorrow could not kill!"

"Sorrow does not kill. Even her beauty suffered no diminution. It was still in the full splendor of its luxuriance, dark, proud, commanding, queen-like. Have you ever heard, Camillia Moraquitos, of the secrets of Paris? Have you ever heard of the mysteries of that wonderful city, in which almost every street has its secret, known only to the initiated in the winding ways of civilized life? Three months after the arrival of the duke and duchess in Paris, an event occurred which changed the whole current of their lives."

"And that event was—"

"Apparently a very simple one; the lady's-maid of the duchess was a frivolous girl, who had herself been educated in France, but who had never before tasted the delights of the brilliant capital. She was intoxicated with rapture, and she ventured even to express her admiration for Paris in the presence of the young duchess. Amongst the other wonders of this marvelous city, Jeannette, as the girl was called, spoke of a fortune-teller who had related to her some of the events of her past life, and whom she looked upon as a powerful magician."

"But surely the duchess did not listen to this peasant girl's foolish babble."

"She did! Despair is, perhaps, terribly near akin to madness. She listened at first from pure abstraction, scarce heeding what she heard; but afterward eagerly. She asked the girl a thousand questions about this fortune-teller, and finally it was agreed upon between the mistress and maid that the woman should visit the duchess late on the following night, when the duke was absent at a political assembly, and all the servants of the establishment had retired to rest."

"Strange caprice!" exclaimed Camillia.

"Grief is sometimes capricious. The duchess doubtless, was ashamed of her own folly, but she wished to hear what this woman would say of the future, which seemed so dark. What if she were to prophesy the coming of an heir to that haughty house—an heir whose coming would restore all the power of the now neglected wife? The duchess passed the following day in a state of restless excitement, eager for the coming hour which was to bring the fortune-teller.

"It was nearly midnight when Jeannette admitted the woman by a private door at the bottom of the grand staircase.

"There was something terrible in the look of the woman who crept with stealthy and silent tread over the luxurious carpets of that palace-like abode. She was old and haggard; her yellow skin disfigured by innumerable wrinkles; her gray hair falling in elf locks about her low and narrow forehead. Her small eyes were surrounded by red and inflamed circles, and almost hidden by the bushy eyebrows which projected over them. Her chin was fringed with terrible gray bristles; her mouth disfigured by two enormous teeth, which resembled the fangs of a wild beast. She [illegible] calculated to inspire disgust" and terror, and she seemed still more horrible by contrast with the elegance around her as she entered the superb apartments of the duchess.

"There is little doubt that the maid, Jeannette, had told this woman all the secrets of her mistress. Her task, therefore, was an easy one. She described the troubles of the past, and foretold that, before the year had elapsed, a child would be born to the duke and duchess. On hearing this prophecy from the lips of a miserable impostor, the haughty Italian fell at her feet, and burst into an hysterical flood of tears.

"The woman saw in that moment the first dim foreshadowing of a future crime. A week afterward she came again at the same hour. This time she saw the duchess alone, and remained with her for so long a period that Jeannette's curiosity was excited. She contrived to overhear the interview.

"Once more the duchess seemed a transformed being. She no longer shut herself from the world. Gay and radiant she re-entered society; and in a few months the duke was informed that he would ere long become a father.

"On hearing this he was eager for an immediate return to Italy, in order that the infant might be born upon the soil which it was by and by to inherit; but the duchess had a strange caprice upon this point. She was determined not to leave Paris, and her husband could not bring himself to oppose her wishes at such a time.

"Within a twelvemonth from the first visit of the fortune teller, a child was born and reared in the ducal mansion. I was that child. Caressed and indulged from my earliest infancy; nursed in luxury and elegance, I was happy, for I had much of the frivolous nature of my native Paris; but, child as I was, I knew that I was not beloved.

"I saw the looks of other women as they hung over their children, and I knew that such glances of affection never rested upon me. The duke loaded me with presents, but he never embraced me as I had seen other fathers embrace their children, and I felt that some gem was wanting in the diadem of happiness. Years passed; I grew to early girlhood, and for the first time I knew what it was to love. A young artist, who had been engaged to paint my portrait, fell in love with me, and his passion was returned. For the first and only time I too loved; devotedly, enduringly. The painter, though handsome, honorable, high-minded, distinguished, was driven from that ducal mansion with scorn and contumely. What greater sin could he have committed? He had dared to love the daughter of one of Italy's proudest noblemen.

"This was the first bitter wrong of my life. The pride of others trampled on my hopes of happiness, and at sixteen years of age my breast was imbittered by a blighted affection. My lover wrote me a letter of despairing farewell and left the country for America. To this day I know not to what part of the mighty continent he went."

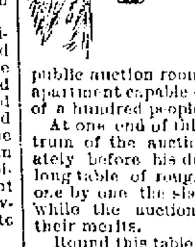
"Poor Pauline!"

"A twelvemonth after this, Jeannette, the servant of the duchess, died; and on her death-bed she sent for the duke and confided to him a terrible secret. I was not the daughter of the duchess, but a spurious child, born of low parents, and introduced into the ducal mansion by the old Parisian fortune-teller."

"Oh Heaven, how terrible!"

"It was indeed terrible. The fury of the duke knew no bounds. He was a proud man, and for seventeen years he had been duped, fooled, imposed upon by the child of some wretched Frenchwoman—the child he had introduced into the society of the noblest in the land, and whose beauty and accomplishments had been his boast. He had never loved me; there was no link of affection between us to stay the torrent of his rage. That rage was more terrific against me, the innocent! than even toward the guilty duchess. He drove me from his doors with loathing, and I, the pampered heiress, wandered forth into the streets of Genoa, a beggar and an outcast. Before I reached the gates of the town I was overtaken by the steward of the duke, who brought me a pocket-book from his master. It contained notes to the amount of three thousand pounds. My first impulse was to cast it in the dirt beneath my feet, and to bid the steward go back and tell his lord how I had treated his generous donation; but a sudden idea took possession of me. This sum of money would enable me to go where I pleased. I might go to America—I might find him I loved. Two months after this I landed in New York. I traveled from city to city, but nowhere could I obtain tidings of him I sought; and at last, wearied by my ineffectual search, my funds nearly exhausted with the extravagant outlay of my travels, I found myself in New Orleans. You know the rest."

CHAPTER XXVI.



At twelve o'clock upon the day after that on which Gerald Leslie and his daughter had been parted by the pitiless attorney, the slave auction commenced.

The sale was to take place in a public auction room in New Orleans; an apartment capable of containing upward of a hundred people.

At one end of this room stood the rostrum of the auctioneer, while immediately before his desk was stretched a long table of rough deal, upon which, one by one the slaves took their places, while the auctioneer expatiated upon their merits.

Round this table was placed benches, on which the buyers and lookers on lounged during the auction.

The plantation hands were the first to be sold, and the sale had lasted for some hours when Toby, the mulatto, slowly mounted the table, and took his stand before the eager eyes of the buyers.

The countenance of the slave was sad and careworn; and, as he ascended the table, he looked anxiously round the room as if seeking among all those eager faces for some one he expected to see there.

But it was evident that he looked in vain, for, after a long and earnest scrutiny of that varied crowd, he sighed heavily, and his head sank upon his breast with a gesture of despair.

The bidding lasted for some time, and the most persevering bidder was Silas Craig himself, who sat on a bench close to the table, and amused himself by whittling a stick with his bowie knife.

One by one the other purchasers gave way, and the mulatto fell to the attorney.

As the hammer of the auctioneer descended upon his desk, thus proclaiming that the bargain was complete, a singular expression illuminated the face of the slave, Toby.

That expression seemed one of mingled hate and triumph; and, as he descended from the platform, the hand of the mulatto incessantly sought for some object hidden in his breast.

That object was the knife with which Franceil'a had stabbed herself—the knife which Toby had offered the day before to Gerald Leslie.

The mulatto slowly withdrew into a corner where some other slaves purchased by Silas Craig were huddled together, awaiting the termination of the sale.

For some moments there was a pause. Several among the crowd asked what the next lot was to be. The voice of the auctioneer responded from his rostrum, "The Octoroon girl, Cora!"

Again there was a pause. There were few there who did not know the story of Gerald Leslie and his daughter, and every one present seemed to draw a long breath.

The Octoroon emerged from a group of slaves, behind whom she had been hidden, and slowly ascended the platform.

Never in her happiest day—never, when surrounded by luxury, when surfeited by adulation and respect, had Cora Leslie looked more lovely than to-day.

Her face was whiter than marble, her large dark eyes were shrouded beneath their drooping lids, fringed with long and silken lashes; her rich wealth of raven hair had been loosened by the rude hands of an overseer, and fell in heavy masses far below her waist; her slender yet rounded figure was set off by the soft folds of her simple cambric dress, which displayed her shoulders and arms in all their statuesque beauty.

One murmur of admiration spread through the assembly as the Octoroon took her place at the table.

All there had heard of the loveliness of Gerald Leslie's daughter, yet few had expected to see her so lovely.

Eyeglasses were raised, spectacles put on, and looks of insolent admiration were fixed upon the unhappy girl.

But she saw them not—the center of every eye, she was scarcely conscious of how much she had to endure. Her whole being was absorbed in one thought. Her father; would he come, would he rescue her?

When for one brief instant she lifted her eyes, the crowd of faces swam before her, as if hidden from her by a veil of mist.

The sounds of the many voices fell as confused murmurs upon her ears.

She was listening for the voice which should announce to her that help was near.

But that longed-for voice did not come, and she heard instead the harsh accents of the auctioneer dwelling upon the charms which were to be sold to the highest bidder.

At that moment two men entered the building from opposite doors.

One of those was Augustus Horton, the other Gilbert Margrave.

Gerald Leslie and the engineer had passed a night of utter wretchedness.

All the ready money that the ruined planter could command consisted of a few thousand dollars, and Gilbert Margrave had only the sum which he had brought with him for his travelling expenses.

To communicate with England was impossible, though the young man had ample resources there; he had also letters of credit on a banking-house in New York, but he well knew that nothing but ready money could save Cora from her infamous persecutors.

The entire sum at his command was a little over twenty thousand dollars.

Gilbert Margrave was the first to bid. "Five thousand dollars!"

"Six thousand!" cried Augustus Horton.

A laugh circulated among the assembly. "I guess you began a bit too low, stranger," said one of the planters.

"Seven thousand."

"Ten!" cried Augustus.

"Guess we'll teach you what a slave sale is, Britisher," said another man near Gilbert, cutting a lump of tobacco and thrusting it into his mouth.

Gilbert Margrave's cheek grew pale; he felt that the man he had to deal with was not to be beaten.

"Twelve thousand," "fifteen," "twenty."

For a moment there was a pause; Gilbert drew his breath. For one brief instant he thought that the planter's caprice might be less powerful than his avarice. He knew not that Augustus Horton's love for Cora was full of passionate determination.

"Five-and-twenty thousand dollars," cried the planter.

Gilbert was silent. Throughout this scene the Octoroon had never once lifted her eyes from the ground; but, at this ominous silence, she slowly raised them, and looked imploringly at her lover.

It was a glance of despair which answered this mute appeal. All hope was over.

"Strikes me your pretty well cleaned out, sirree," said one of the men who had spoken before.

The bidding continued, the excitement of the scene had become intense. Thirty, five-and-thirty, forty thousand dollars were bid; forty-five, fifty thousand.

The last bid came from Augustus Horton, and the auctioneer's hammer descended with an ominous sound.

Cora was his.

Gilbert Margrave sprang forward, as if he would have struck the planter, but a friendly hand was laid upon his shoulder, and he was dragged back by a group of Americans.

"Better keep your dander down, stranger," one of the men whispered in his ear, "our folks are not over fond of your countrymen just now, and they wouldn't make much work of taking out their bowie knives. Let him have the gal. Was there ever such a noise about a handsome slave?"

Augustus Horton walked up to the place where Gilbert was standing, surrounded by these men.

"I've beaten you before to-day, Mr. Margrave," he said, with a sneer, "and I think I've had the pleasure of giving you a second licking this afternoon."

Again Gilbert would have sprung upon him, but again he was restrained by those about him.

"We've another duel to fight yet, Mr. Horton," said the Englishman, "and in that you may not come off so easily."

"We citizens of New Orleans don't fight about colored gals," answered the planter, turning upon his heel, contemptuously, and walking toward the spot where Cora stood, side by side with Toby and the other slaves.

Gilbert Margrave released himself from the arms of those who held him.

"I must follow him," he said, "I must speak to him. I pledge you my honor that I will attempt no violence, but I tell you I must speak to him. Life and death hang on this matter. How can I go back to Gerald Leslie and tell the broken-hearted father that I was powerless to save his only child?"

Gilbert found Augustus standing at a little distance from the group of slaves contemplating Cora with the insolently admiring glance with which the master surveys his property.

She was no longer the woman who had scorned and defied him. She was his slave, his purchased slave, over whom the law gave him full and indisputable authority.

"Mr. Horton," said Gilbert, in a voice rendered hoarse by emotion, "let me speak to you for a few moments?"

The planter bowed superciliously. "Well, sir?" he said, as they withdrew to a solitary corner of the auction room.

"You are aware that had my means enabled me, I would have outbid you just now in the purchase of Miss Leslie."

Augustus Horton laughed aloud.

"Miss Leslie!" he repeated scornfully, "we don't call the slaves Miss and Mr. down south. I guessed you would like to outbid me for this Octoroon girl, Cora, but I'm happy to say you weren't able to do it. Had you bid a hundred thousand dollars, I'd have outbid you, and if you'd doubled that I'd have outbid you still. No man comes cheaply between Augustus Horton and his will."

"Tell me," said Gilbert, "tell me, what do you want with Mr. Leslie's daughter? Why do you want to become her master?"

Again Augustus laughed, and the hot blood mounted to Gilbert's cheek as he heard the mocking laughter.

"If it comes to that," said the planter, "why do you want her?"

"Because I love her."

"Then one answer will do for both of us," said Augustus. "I want her because I love her."

"No," cried Gilbert, "no, Mr. Horton. Do not sully the pure and holy name of Love by so base a blasphemy. Yours is the low passion of the profligate who seeks to destroy that which he pretends to love. Mine is the honorable sentiment of the man who seeks to bestow upon her he adores the sacred name of wife."

"You Britishers have another way of thinking to what we have in Louisiana," answered Augustus; "we don't marry our slaves. However, I've no wish to quarrel with other folks' opinions; the girl's mine and I don't mean to part with her, so good day to you, Mr. Margrave."

Gilbert laid his hand upon the planter's shoulder.

"One moment," he said. "The sum which I offered just now for Miss Leslie was the extent of the ready money I possess; but it was not one twentieth part of what I can command; communication with London, or even with New York, will bring me the funds I require. I ask you—as a gentleman appealing to a gentleman, upon a subject that is dearer to him than life—I ask you to do a great and generous action. Accept my note of hand for a hundred thousand dollars—double the sum you have just given—and let me restore Cora Leslie to her father?"

Augustus Horton shrugged his shoulders.

"I would be very glad to oblige you, Mr. Margrave," he said; "but as I don't happen to want money just now, and as I've a fancy for keeping the Octoroon, I beg to decline your liberal offer."

Gilbert Margrave glanced at him with a scornful smile.

"I appealed to you as a gentleman," he said. "I was mistaken. You shall hear from me tonight."

CHAPTER XXVII.

On the night of the slave sale, Don Juan Moraquitos sat alone in the apartment which he called his study.

The following day was that appointed for the Spaniard's marriage with Pauline Corsi, and preparations had been made for the celebration of the ceremony with the splendor worthy of such a wealthy bridegroom.

Pauline and Camillia were together in the young girl's apartments.

On one of the sofas lay the dresses of white satin and lace, which the bride and bridemaid were to wear upon the following morning.

On a table near stood a box, which contained the wreaths selected by the Frenchwoman for herself and Camillia.

This box had not as yet been opened.

"Come, dearest Camillia," exclaimed Pauline; "have you no wish to see the Parisian flowers which are to adorn that beautiful head tomorrow? You certainly are most devoid of that feminine weakness—curiosity."

"I can trust to your taste, Pauline," answered Camillia.

"That's just as much as to say you don't care a straw about the matter; and that you are thinking of nothing but that stupid lover of yours, who is, no doubt, thousands and thousands of miles away."

Camillia sighed. Her face was averted, and she did not see the arch smile which lighted up the Frenchwoman's face. "However," continued Pauline; "I shall insist on your approving of my choice."

She unfastened the cord which was tied about the box; and, lifting the lid, took out the two wreaths.

They were both of the same pattern—coronet-shaped garlands of orange flowers and buds, purely white amidst their glistening green leaves; as true to nature as if they had been gathered from a hot-house, and breathing the delicious perfume of the flower.

They were the perfection of Parisian taste and art.

"Why, Pauline," exclaimed Camillia, "they are both bridal wreaths."

"Can you guess why it is?"

"No, indeed."

"Because there will be two brides to-morrow. I never break a promise. To-morrow, Don Juan Moraquitos will divide his fortune; one half he will reserve for himself and his wife, the other he will give to his daughter and the husband of her choice."

"But, Pauline, how in Heaven's name will you accomplish this?"

"That is my secret. There is very little time left me for my work. It is now nine o'clock, I must go out immediately."

"Go out, and at this hour?"

"It is absolutely necessary."

"But, dear Pauline, you will have my carriage, you will let me accompany you?"

"Neither; I go on foot and alone."

She hurried from the room before Camillia could remonstrate further, and the Spanish girl, bewildered and amazed, seated herself near the table, looking musingly at the two bridal wreaths.

That night Silas Craig sat alone in the office in which was the map of America.

The lawyer had triumphed over the man who had scorned him.

He had seen Gerald Leslie's proud nature abased to the very dust, and the darling child of a doating father sold to her most deadly enemy; for the slave has no greater enemy than the hardened profligate, whose guilty passions her charms have awakened.

Silas Craig was a winner in the game of life—what cared he for the dark secrets upon the cards he had played?

He was rich, and he could defy mankind.

He had dined sumptuously after the fatigue of the slave sale, and the table before him was spread with glittering decanters of the choicest wines.

This man reveled in the luxuries of a palace; but he had risen from the gutter; and his low and groveling soul still wore the degradation of the foul haunts in which he had been reared.

He lounged in his easy-chair, sipping wine, which sparkled like molted jewels in the light of the shaded lamp.

He was disturbed from his reverie by the entrance of the slave who waited upon him.

"A lady, massa," said the man.

"A lady? a lady at this time of night? pshaw; why you must be dreaming."

"No, massa, me wide awake. A lady, a very beautiful lady, with white hands and rings, oh, golly! dey shine like stars."

"Did she tell you her name?"

"No, massa, but she gib me dis."

The negro handed Silas a card.

This card bore the name of Mlle. Pauline Corsi.

Beneath the card was written this warning:

"There are secrets which Silas Craig may wish to preserve; if so, he will do well to see Mlle. Corsi."

Like all base creatures, Silas was a coward. The card dropped from his trembling hand, and his bloated face grew ashy pale.

"Admit the lady," he said.

The slave left the room, and in a few minutes returned with Pauline Corsi.

During those few brief moments, Silas Craig had recovered from his first impulse of terror.

What could this woman know of his secrets?

Who was she but the paid dependent of Don Juan Moraquitos? He had nothing to fear, therefore.

All the native insolence of his nature returned, and when the governess entered the room, he neither rose from his seat nor offered her a chair.

The impertinence did not escape Pauline Corsi. With a smile of provoking assurance, she seated herself opposite to the lawyer, and threw back the dark veil that had shaded her face.

"We shall understand one another better, by-and-by, Mr. Craig," she said, quietly.

"May I ask the motive of this rather untimely visit?"

"We will come to that in good time, my dear sir," replied Pauline, laughing; "Perhaps there are several motives. Suppose then, that we begin with motive number one."

The lawyer writhed beneath her calm assurance.

"I must tell you, mademoiselle," he said, "that these ain't my business hours, and that if you've anything particular to say to me, you'd better call another time. Though I should think," he added insolently, "that the governess of Don Juan Moraquitos can't have much business with lawyers."

"But the wife of Don Juan Moraquitos may, Mr. Craig."

"The wife."

"Yes, I see your client does not give you his entire confidence. I am to become Pauline Moraquitos before twelve o'clock tomorrow."

The lawyer's cheek once more grew ashy pale. Again a sudden terror seized him. He felt that there was some mystery shrouded beneath this business, of which he now heard for the first time.

"I know the question which very naturally rises to your lips," said Pauline, with quiet deliberation. "You would ask what motive can have induced Don Juan Moraquitos to take such a step. I reply to that question before it is asked: The motive is a most powerful one."

Silas quailed beneath the look which accompanied these emphatic words.

Pauline Corsi had not boasted idly of the power of her will.

The guilty lawyer, versed in every art of lying and chicanery, trembled, he scarce knew why, in the presence of this frail girl.

"Do you ask the nature of this motive?" said Pauline.

"I do," he faltered, pouring out a glass of wine. His hand shook so violently that the neck of the decanter rattled against the rim of the glass, and he spilled half the costly liquid as he raised it to his quivering lips.

He had no reason to fear this Frenchwoman—but the strength of her indomitable will had a magnetic power over him, and his brutal nature bowed beneath its force.

"I will tell you, Silas Craig," answered Pauline, "there are some secrets which, once known, give to the person who discovers them a fearful and a boundless power over the guilty wretches whom they concern, secrets that are discovered when least the criminals fear detection; words that are overheard and cherished for years by the person who overhears them; words which have power to drag the guilty to the scaffold; words that can kill. Do you understand me?"

"No."

He spoke doggedly, but sat with his hands clasped upon the arms of his easy-chair, his rat-like eyes almost starting from his head as he gazed at Pauline.

"Think again, Silas Craig," said the Frenchwoman; "surely I have spoken plainly? Can you not understand me?"

"No," he repeated with a terrible oath.

"I must speak more plainly still then, it appears. Silas Craig, thirteen years ago it was my good fortune to become acquainted with such a secret as this!"

The lawyer raised one of his trembling hands and wiped the perspiration from his icy forehead.

"Thirteen years," he muttered.

"Yes; I see you remember the date. I was a penniless girl of seventeen when I discovered this secret. I am now thirty; I have kept it long and patiently, have I not?"

He did not answer her.

"I have waited my time. I knew that this secret would bring me wealth and power whenever it was told. It concerns two men. Those two men are my slaves! At a word from me, they stand before the tribunals of this city branded with crime—loathed by their fellow citizens. A word from me, and they go from homes of luxury to the gloom of a prison, from which but a few steps will lead them to the gallows. Shall I tell you who those two men are, Silas Craig?"

"If you please."

He tried to speak with his accustomed insolent and mocking smile, but the white lips refused to do his will, and his words came in a hollow whisper.

"The first is Don Juan Moraquitos, the second is—you!"

The words seemed to whistle from her lips like the bullet of a pistol. The lawyer fell back in his chair as if he had received a blow.

"The secret concerns the night upon which Tomaso Crivolli died, and the will which on that night was forged by you, after the real will had been made away with. The secret also concerns the young man called Paul Lisimon. The man whom you dared to accuse of theft."

"How—how did you discover this?"

"No matter how. Enough that I did make the discovery. Shall I tell you now the price I ask for my secret?"

"Yes."

All attempts at insolence or defiance upon the part of the lawyer was now abandoned.

Silas Craig cowered before the Frenchwoman as humbly as the criminal who awaits the sentence of his judge.

"Don Juan Moraquitos will make me his wife and will share with me his own fortune. From him I ask no more than this. We shall leave America for Paris.

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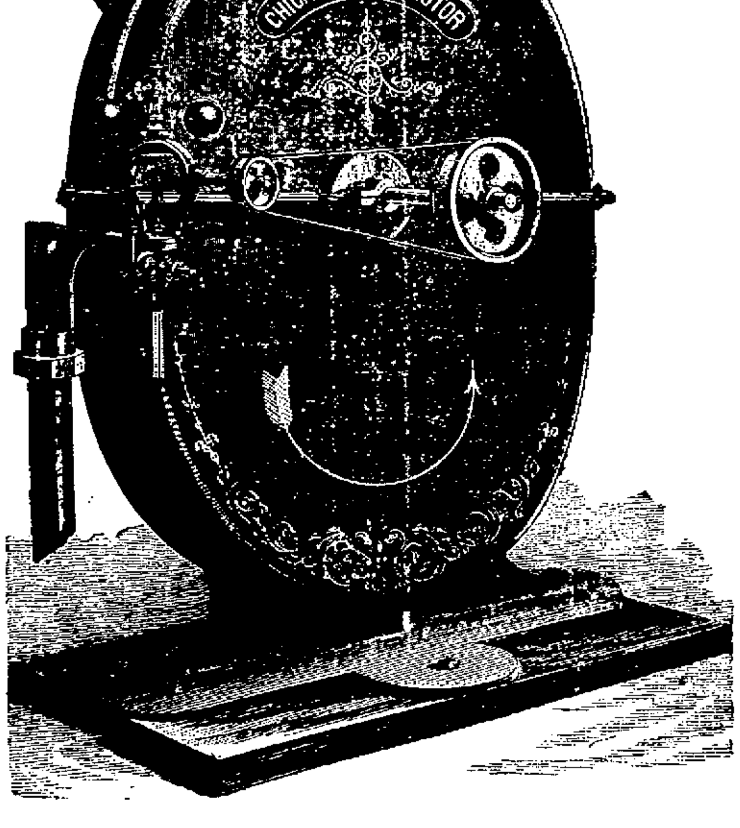

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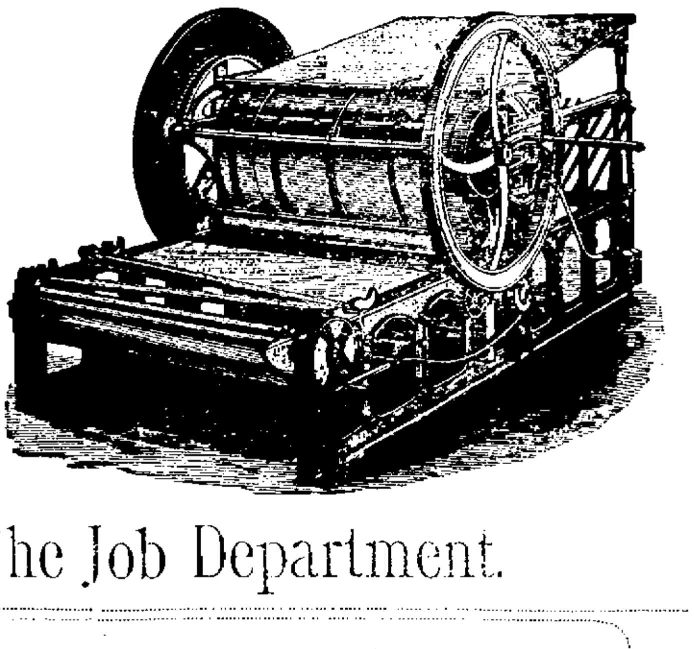

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SERVICES every Sunday at 10:15 A. M., Fon Service at 7:30 P. M. and regular service at 8:30 Sabbath school immediately after morning service.

Catholic Church.

SERVICES every Sunday; Mass services at 10:30 A. M.; Sunday school every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.; Vespers every alternate Sunday at 3 P. M.
REV. FATHER JULY, Pastor.

Methodist Church.

Services every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., Song Service at 7:30 P. M. and regular service 8:06 P. M Sabbath school at 11:45 a. m., after morning service.
REV. D. C. SAVAGE, Pastor

German Lutheran Church.

SERVICES twice a month, Also Sunday school.
REV. J. DEJUNG, Pastor

Baptist Church Calendar.

SUNDAY.

Public Service and Sermon	11:00 a. m.
Sunday School	12:00 m.
Song and Praise Service	6:45 p. m.
Public Service and Sermon	7:30 p. m.

TUESDAY,

Young Peoples' Meeting	7:30 p. m.

THURSDAY,

General prayer meetin	7:30 p. m.

All are invited. All are welcome.

G. A. R.

JOHN A. LOGAN POST, No. 232. Regular meeting 1st and 3d Tuesday evenings of each month at hall in Brown's block.
RICHARD REED, Com. L. J. BILLINGS, Adjt.

I. O. O. F.

ONEIDA LODGE, No. 48. Regular meeting at hall every Monday evening.
J. Prenzlow, Sec. O F Wissler, N G

D. OF R.

LAURESTINA LODGE, No. 28, meets every first and third Wednesday of each month in the Odd Fellows' hall on Stevens Street.
B. T Plugh, Sec. Mrs. O. F. Wissler, N. G.

F. & A. M.

RHINELANDER LODGE, No. 212, meets first and third Tuesdays in every month in the postoffice block.
A. McPhail, Sec. H. C. Keith, W. M.

I. O. G. T.

Pelican Rapids Lodge, No 211. Meets every Friday evening at hall over Palace Shoe Store. Visiting membesr are cordially invited.
Nellie Chafee, R. S. Chas. Woolcock, C. T.

K. OF P.

Flambeau Lodge No. 73. Holds regular meeting Friday nights in opera house block.
E. G. Squier, K. of R. S. E. B. Morley, C. C.
Uniformed Rank meets every Wednesday night.
B Jenkinson, Rec. E. B. Morley, Capt.

S. OF V.

W. T. Miles' Camp, No. 93, Wisconsin Division S. of V., U. S. A. Meets at G. A. R. hall on the first and third Thursday evenings of each month. Visiting brothers always welcome.
C. C. Bronson, Capt.

C. K. OF W.

Catholic Knights of Wisconsin. Meeting last Sunday of each month at 4 p. m., at Good Templars' hall.
Rev. N. July, Rec. Sec. J. N. Kennan Treas.

PROFESSIONAL.

MILLER & McCORMICK,

Attorneys-at-Law,

Collections *sharply* looked after.
Office over First National Bank.

ALBAN & BARNES,

Attorneys-at-Law,

RHINELANDER, WIS.
Collections promptly attended to.
Town and county orders bought.

A. W. SHELTON

Attorney-at-Law,

Special attention paid to homestead law and contests.
RHINELANDER, WIS.

PAUL BROWNE,

Atterney-at-Law,

RHINELANDER, WIS.
Collections a Specialty.

L. J. BILLINGS,

Attorney & Counselor

RHINELANDER, WIS.

T. B. McINDOE,

Physician & Surgeon

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.
Office in Gray's block.

C. S. McINDOE, D. D. S.

Dental Parlors,

Bank of Rhinelander Builders.

J. M. DODD, M. D.

Physician & Surgeon.

Office at Hospital,
RHINELANDER, - WISCONSIN.

KEITH

Physician & Surgeon

Office in Brown's Block.
RHINELANDER, - - WISCONSIN.

D. CONOVER. L. F. PORTER. H. P. PADLEY

Conover, Porter & Padley.

ARCHITECTS.

Pioneer block, Madison, Wis. Knight block, Ashland, Wis.

Merchants' State Bank.

CAPITAL, $50000.

RHINELANDER, - WISCONSIN

General Banking Business Transacted.

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.

Sell exchange on all European countries. Tickets to and from Europe or all steam boat lines.

FIRST NATIONAL.

Bank of Rhinelander.

[illegible] - - *Wisconsin*

[illegible] BANKING BUSINESS.

LOCAL TIME TABLES.

MILWAUKEE, LAKE SHORE & WESTERN.

NORTH BOUND

No. 8—Limited	1:01 A. M
No. 13—Accommodation	1:15 P. M.
No. 15—Accommodation arrives	3:00 P. M

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 16—Accommodation	1:15 P. M
No. 11—Accommodation	11 A. M.
No. 4—Limited	11:31 P. M

W. E. ASHTON, AGENT.

Minne'lis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie R'y

The Short Line East to Gladstone, Sault Ste. Marie and all Canadian and New England points and WEST to Minneapolis, St. Paul and Western Minnesota and Dakota.

TRAINS WEST.

No. 3—Passenger	10:25 p. m. through
No. 87—Passenger	7:23 a. m local between Pennington and Cameron Junction.
No. 21—Freight	9:30 a m

TRAINS EAST.

No. 86—Passenger	7:27 p m local between Pennington and Cameron Junction
No. 4—Passenger	3:12 a. m through
No. 20—Freight	7:37 p m

Close connections made at Pembine with M. & W. R'y for all Lake Superior points, and at Trout Lake with D. S. S. & A. Ry for Mackinaw and al Lower Peninsula points.

Thursday, Sept. 3 1891.

OYSTERS · AT · REED'S. First of the Season. Just Received. Will have them from now on. Fresh and Fine. Try a can.

Excursion to Wausau Sunday.

Sheriff Mericle was at Eagle River Monday.

Rev. Father July is in Tomahawk this week.

Quite a delegation from Antigo was in town Sunday.

Mrs. George Terry is visiting friends in Milwaukee.

Mrs. Baker, of Waupaca, is a guest at Paul Browne's this week.

C. L. Slosson, of Wausau, visited his brother here last week.

S. H. Bowman was in Minneapolis on business this week.

C. Stolze is visiting his sister, Mrs. Chas. Seik, in this city.

Peter Egloff spent Sunday with friends at Gladstone, Mich.

M. W. Lloyd and daughter returned from a trip to Milwaukee yesterday.

A drove of broncos were disposed of here last week at pretty good figures.

John A. Ogden, editor of the Antigo Republican, was in town last Thursday.

The teachers are arriving in the city this week ready for their work Monday.

The sawmills of Merrill, Wausau and Stevens Point are shut down for want of logs.

Miss Belle Easton has returned from Washington and will remain in Rhinelander.

Micheal Strogkoff will be at the Grand Opera House September 22nd and 23rd.

The evenings are commencing to grow long again and winter is on the way hither.

Chris. Leonord was at Marrinette a few days this week visiting relatives and friends.

Thomas Redfield and wife have gone to Ashland where they will reside permanently.

Wausau promises to entertain all from here who go to their city on the excursion Sunday.

Miss Myrtle King, of Omro, returned home last Friday, after a two month's visit in our city.

Mike Doyle, one of Minocqua's leading citizens, was at the county seat on business last week.

Jos. Meyer, foreman of the Wausau Pilot-Review, made this office a pleasant call last Friday.

Jim. Harrigan was at Harrison and Parish last week looking after his insurance business.

A very pleasant dancing party was held at the Rhinelander Opera House last Friday evening.

Don't fail to hear Miss Oella Brown next Wednesday evening, at the M. E. church. See notice elsewhere.

Preaching in the Congregational church next Sunday morning and evening by Rev. John Humphreys.

O. F. Wissler is building another house on King street. He has sold one of his new ones to T. L. Givney.

Alex. McRae and family returned from Washington last week, and have again their residence in this city.

Warren Edwards, who has been in this city the past two weeks visiting his brother, B. F., returned to his home in Chicago, Sunday night.

Yawkey & Lee's new logging railroad is in operation. It runs from within a short distance of the Lake Shore line near McNaughton to Hazelhurst.

Fred Bauter and Ed. Peterson, of Antigo, came up Saturday night to see the Rhinelander boys send their club home without a run.

Master Eldridge Grimm, who has been spending his summer vacation with his sister, Mrs. Will Stevens, returned to his home at Cassville to-day.

The Lake Shore yard accommodation have been much too limited recently, and new siding are now being put in for some distance south of the depot.

Will Brown le[illegible] ing to pu[illegible]

Scorched the 'Phone.

eric light wire came into contact with a telephone wire Tuesday night and the result was very disastrous to the telephone central station. The current was so strong that it milted every wire at the switchboard and gave the wooden frame-work a scorching. The damage is rapidly being repaired, but in the mean time the fifty odd subscribers are deprived of the use of their 'phones.

A Good Show Coming.

Manager Ashton has secured a good attraction for the Grand Opera House for September 12. It is none less than Miss Hettie Bernard Chase, the famous comedienne, and her complete company for a performance of their best play. Throughout all the cities Miss Chase has received praise for her excellent acting. Further particulars will be given later. Remember the date, Friday, Sept. 12.

New Planing Mill Firm.

Grum & Company is the name of a new firm that will do all kinds of planing mill work. They have leased the Buttrick planing mill from Brown Bros. Lumber Co., and are now running full blast, having begun business September 1, with plenty of orders ahead. They do all the dressing for Joseph Rathbone & Co., Chicago, who handle a large amount of lumber here. The silent partner is Mr. Halstead, weighmaster at this place.

Over Half a Million a Day.

The saw mills of Rhinelander are turning out nearly six hundred thousand feet of pine lumber every twenty four hours. This is the only town on the Wisconsin river that is making any record on lumber cutting this season. All the down river mills have been forced to lay idle on account of scarcity of logs. Rhinelander yards will this season not only contain more lumber in pile but a better quality as a rule than even in former seasons. This will be the best point for lumber buyers in this section of Wiscon-

A Fine Engine.

The neatest running piece of machinery in the city is the new 85 horse power engine at the Faust electric light company's plant. The engine is a self-oiler, perfectly noiseless and is used to run the ark and one incandescent danamos. This addition of power enables the company to satisfy some of the many applicants for lights who have heretofore had to go unsupplied. Among the recent "installments" are thirty-five in the Olson & Mickeljohn mill and about the same number in the Lake View house.

An Attempted Blackmail.

Last week's issues of the Clintonville papers contained an article which has been extensively copied into other papers, stating that Thomas McDermott, Sr., of Rhinelander, had been at Manawa to hire some servant girls andthat among the girls encountered was one Mrs. Flater, who, after the visit of Mr. McDermott, swore out a warrant charging him with a rather serious offence. The case was called before a Manawa justice and continued until September 15, at which time it will be very clearly shown that the fair Mrs. Flater is a fakir of the old school style and that the charge in this case was simply brought to extort money from the defendant. It is not the first nor the second time that this fair one has been the complainant in similar cases and in all of them it would have on taken a small amount of money to have had the complaint withdrawn. Thomas McDermott has been a respected citizen of this place and Mrs. Flater will find him an exceedingly tough proposition to extort blackmail money from.

An order was issued by Jugde McCormick this morning consigning Mrs. A. Mettayer to the Northern Hospital for treatment and the unfortunate lady was taken thither by Sheriff Mericle this noon. Her insanity developed nine days after the birth of her child, and is of a form which is expected to yield to scientific treatment.—From The Herald of Saturday.

D. L. Jenkinson has sold a half interest in his jewelry store to J. R. Binder. The new member of the firm of Jenkinson & Binder has had a good deal of experience in selling watches, and will follow that branch of the business extensively this next winter.

The New North job department has been kept busy over time this week on several large jobs of law briefs. The facilities for turning out work of this order promptly is a big item with lawyers in placing their orders.

Brown Bros. Lumber Company are rushed with orders, and it is with difficulty that they move the cars out rapidly enough. This firm will soon have one of the finest planing mill on the river.

LOST.—In t village of Rhinelander 1 small purse containing one large flat key, a jeweler's check and two notes payable to M. H. Williams. Finder will kindly leave same at this office.

H. Stolze and wife, of Manitowoc, who have been visiting with the family of C. J. Selk for the past two weeks, returned to their home last Thursday.

D[illegible] manager of the Iron Co., [illegible] River on business this

Henry Ritzmann, merchant tailor, has opened a merchant tailoring establishment in the building with E. B. Wolcott, the photographer. He invites the public to call and give him a trial. First-class work and a good fit guranted. *

F. A. Hildebrand has the finest line of furniture ever shown in the city. Those who desire to purchase furniture of late style and at reasonable prices need not go to the city for it. *

LOST.—One light red cow with bell on, about three years old, right hind teat cracked and has string tied around it. Anyone finding same will please notify Geo. Keosler and receive reward.

For Sale.

One 7 room house, and one 14 room house. Terms easy. C. Eby.

Fresh Creamery Butter.

The Waupaca Creamery Company of Waupaca, Wisconsin, will furnish fancy separate Creamery Butter on yearly contracts at twenty-five cents per pound. Write them. 6w

Clothes Cleaning.

William Wesie is ready to clean or mend all clothing promptly. All work done neatly and at reasonable rates. Shop on Thayer Street, in building formerly occupied by A. Fiala. *

For Sale.

All or a part of 160 acres of fine wood land 2½ miles from Rhinelander. Several acres cleared, a good two story frame house and well. Has 150 thousand of pine, lots of pulp wood, but the most is hard wood. Enquire at Jewell & Bastian's for particulars.

Lands for Sale!

Lands for sale by Shaw & Dorr, located only one or two miles south of Rhinelander, Section 8, 17, 18 and 19, Township 36, Range 9 East. Much of these lands suitable for farming purposes, at present covered with maple, birch, hemlock and some pine. Prices range from 7 to 10 dollars per acre. For particulars enquire of G. B. Shaw or B. F. Dorr, Antigo, Wis. Jy23tf.

The "Soo" Line will have on sale Tuesday, August 25, and on Tuesdays, Saturdays, and Tuesdays, thereafter during continuance of the Exposition but not later than Septembes 24, 1891, good to return on or before Monday following date of sale. Round trip tickets from Rhinelander to Minneapolis and return at the rate of $9.65. This includes admission to the Exposition. Further information can be had at the "Soo" depot.
C. M. CHAMBERS, Agt.

The M. L. S. & W. R'y Co. will sell excursion tickets to Milwaukee and return at rate of $6.96 for round trip, admission ticket included, on account of Milwaukee Industrial Exposition to be held at Milwaukee Sept 2d to Oct. 17th, 1891. Sale of tickets commences Tuesday, September 1. Tickets will be sold Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, good for return not later than Monday following date of sale, except that during the State Fair season, Sept. 14 to 19 tickets will be sold Sept. 13 to 19 inclusive go d for return until Sept. 21, 1891.
W. E. ASHTON, Agt.

PLEASANT JOURNEYS.

Pleasant journeys can always be had via the Wisconsin Central Line. The employes are courteous and obliging; the sleeping and dining cars and day coaches are peers of any in the Northwest. The leaving hours at principal terminal points are convenient and the depots are centrally located. All together it is the most desirable route in either direction between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth. TRY IT AND BE CONVINCED.
tf.

Notice of Vacating Part of Village Plat.

Notice is hereby given at the next general term of the circuit court for the County of Oneida, State of Wisconsin, to be held at the Court House, in the Village of Rhinelander, in said county, on the 19th day of October, 1891, at the opening of court on the first day of said term, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, the undersigned Rhinelander Iron Company, a corporation duly organized and existing under the laws of the State of Wisconsin, being the proprietors of a portion of the village plat hereinafter mentioned, will make application to said court for an order and judgment vacating that portion of Messer Street extending from the south line of Phillip Street to the north line of the right of way of the Milwaukee Lake Shore and Western Railway Company and the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste Marie Railway Company, the same being a part of the 2nd replat of a portion of Mill Lots C and D and the 1st replat of a portion of Block 6 in the Village of Rhinelander, Oneida County, Wisconsin.
RHINELANDER IRON COMPANY.
Dated July 28th, 1891. By ALBAN & BARNES,
8w-july30-s17. Its Attorneys.

STATE OF WISCONSIN, }
Oneida County. } ss.
In Municipal Court.

TO JOSEPH MILLER:

You are hereby notified that a summons and garnishee has been issued against you, and your property garnisheed to satisfy the demand of John E. Hilber, amounting to eleven dollars and forty-four cents; Now unless you shall appear before the Judge of said Court, at his office in Rhinelander, in said county, on the 19th day of Sept., 1891, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, judgment will be rendered against you and your property sold to pay the debt.
Dated Aug. 14, 1891.
JNO. E. HILBER, Plaintiff.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at Wausau, Wis.,
Aug. 10 1891,

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Rhinelander, Wisconsin, on Sept. 24, 1891, viz: Joseph Gussner, H. E. No. 6173, for the NE¼ NE¼ Sec. 11, Town 37 North Range 8 East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz. James McGowan, Theodore Dion Stephen Kerslake and John Laby, all of Rhinelander, Wis.
E. B. S[illegible]

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION,
Land Office at Wausau, Wis. }
August 15, 1891, }

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the U. S. Land Office at Wausau, Wis., on October 8, 1891, viz: Daniel Curtin, H. E. No. 5897, for the Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, Section 29, Township 37, North of Range 9 East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz. S. S. Dawley, James McDonald, Giles S. Coon and William Stevens, all of Rhinelander, Wis.
6w Aug. 20-Sept21 E. B. SANDERS Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION, LAND OFFICE AT WAUSAU, WIS., JULY 27, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Rhinelander wis., on September 12, 1891, viz: Edward H. Crofoot, Homestead Entry No. 6358, for the NE frl ¼ Section 1, Township 36, North of Range 8 East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: George W. Welstead, C. S. Crofoot, Thomas Sullivan and Lewis Larson, all of Rhinelander, wisconsin. E. B. SANDERS,
Jul30-Sept3 6w Register.

ONEIDA COUNTY, }
Town of Pelican. } ss. In Municipal Court.

To CHARLES KEEF,—

You are hereby notified that a warrent of attachment has been issued against you, and your property attached to satisfy the demand of M. Langdon amounting to $130.78. Now unless you shall appear before Paul Brown, Esq., Municipal Judge, in and for said county, at his office in said town on the 29th day of August, 1891, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, judgement will be rendered against you, and your property sold to pay the debt.
Dated this 8th day of August, 1891.
M. LANGDON, Plaintiff.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at Wausau, Wis., }
August 21, 1891. }

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Rhinelander, Oneida County, Wis., on October 10, 1891, viz: Howard G. Robbins, H. E. No. 6299, for the NE ¼ NE ¼ Sec. 32, Tp. 37, N. of R. 9 East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: Robert McDonald, Matt Stapleton, Charles Woolcock and Ed. Gune, all of Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

Also John H. Morrison, H. E. No. 6321, for the Lot 6, Sec. 28 and Lots 9 and 10, Sec. 29, Tp. 37, N. of Range 9 East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: William T. Stevens, Giles S. Coon, Archie Sievwright and Matt Stapleton, all of Rhinelander, Wisconsin. E. B. SANDERS,
6w Aug 27-Oct 1. Register

NOTICE FOR PUBLIC TION,
Land Office at Wausau, Wis., }
July 21, 1891. }

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or clerk of the circuit court at Rhinelander, Wis., on August 25, 1891, viz:

John A. Cushman, H. E. No. 6266, for the SW¼ SW¼, Sec. 4, Lot 4, Sec. 5, Lot 1, sec. 8 and Lot 1 Sec. 9, Township 37 N of Range 8 East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Uriah Fletcher, Allen J. McKinnon, Thomas McDermot and Otto Olson, of Rhinelander, Wisconsin.
6w—jul30-sep3 E. B. SANDERS. Register.

IN CIRCUIT COURT ONEIDA COUNTY.

Edwin Cooley & Frank F. Vater, (co-partners as Cooley & Vater,) Brown Bros. Lumber Co. (a corporation,) The Soo Lumber Co. (a corporation,) Lewis Hardware Co., (a corporation,) and W. H. Miller & Co., (a corporation) Plaintiffs,

against.

Rhinelander Kindling Wood Co. (a corporation,) Rhinelander Iron Co., (a corporation,) S. A. Spafford and D. J. Cole, co-partners as Spafford & Cole, and Mary C. Greene, Defendants.

By virtue of, and pursuant to a judgment and foreclosure and sale on Mechanic's lien in the above entitled action, which was rendered and dated on the 26th day of August, A. D., 1891, I will expose for sale, and sell at public auction, in Sheriff's office, in the said Village of Rhinelander, Oneida County, Wisconsin, on 9th day of Oct., 1891, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., of that day, the following described premises, or as much thereof as may be necessary to raise the amount due to the plaintiffs and the defendants, except the Rhinelander Kindling Wood Co., for principal, interest, costs and solicitor's fees, together with the expense of sale, to-wit: Blocks Number Twenty (20) and Twenty-one (21) of the First Addition to the Village of Rhinelander, Oneida County, Wisconsin, together with the buildings, machinery and fixtures situate thereon or attached thereto.
Dated this 27th day of August, A. D. 1891.
ALBAN & BARNES, ALONZO MERICKLE,
Plaintiffs Att'ys. Sheriff of Oneida Co

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. LAND OFFICE AT WAUSAU, WIS., JULY 16, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the folowing-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Rhinelander, Wis., on Aug. 29, 1891, viz: Charles Doran, H. E. No. 6171, for the Lot 1, Sec. 31, Township 37 N. of Range 9 East. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

Nicholas Gerhard, H. G. Rode, E. D. Briggs, and Frank Oatman, of Rhinelander, Wis.
6w-J'y23-A27 E. B. SANDERS, Register.

STATE OF WISCONSIN, }
Oneida County. } ss.
In Municipal Court.

TO HENRY KAMPNER:

You are hereby notified that a summons and garnishee has been issued against you, and your property garnished to satisfy the demand of Jno. E. Hilber, amounting to $25.28: Now unless you shall appear before the Judge of said Court, at his office in Rhinelander in said County, on the 19th day of September, 1891, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, judgment will be rendered against you, and your property sold to pay the debt.
JOHN HILBER, Plaintiff.
Dated August 24, 1891.

STATE OF WISCONSIN, }
Oneida County. } ss.
In Municipal Court.

TO WILLIAM CONRAD:

You are hereby notified that a summons and garnishee has been issued against you, and your property garnished to satify the demand of John E. Hilber amounting to eight dollars; Now unless you shall appear before the Judge of said Court, at his office in Rhinelander in said county, on the 19th day of September, 1891, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, judgment will be rendered against you and your property sold to pay the debt.
JOHN E. HILBER, Plantiff.
Dated August 24, 1891.

HOTELS.

The Fuller House,

Sievwright & Stapleton, Props.

FIRST-CLASS HOTEL IN EVERY RESPECT.

First-class Sample Room in Connection. Headquarters for Commercial Men. Rates $2. per day.

The Soo House,

Near M. S. S. M. & A. Depot.
JAY MARTIN, Proprietor.

First-class Accommodation for Commercial Men. Fine Sample Room.

Lake View House.

CHAS. WILSON, PRO[illegible]

Day and week board at reasonable rates. A first-class house in every respect. Headquarters for [illegible] men [illegible]

Oneida [illegible] *se.*

[illegible] motion [illegible] saloon in [illegible]

Thos. [illegible]

First-class Hotel [illegible] served the [illegible]

JOHNSON & CO.

The Leading Clothiers

—Have the Finest Line of—

SPRING GOODS

Ever Shown in Rhinelander. Their stock of Clothing embracese verything from the Low Priced Hand-me-downs to the

FINEST READY MADE GOODS

—In the Market. All the latest novelties—

MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

Call and see them. Prices Right **Always.**

The Giant Seigh Mnfg. Co.

—Manufacturers of—

Wagons and Sleighs.

General Blacksmithing

Repairing Done on Short Notice.

We Also Have an Expert Horseshoer.

Do You want Correct Time?

Get a Standard Watch

AND YOU HAVE IT.

D. JENKINSON

—Has on Hand a Fine—

New Line of Jewelery

AND WATCHES

A good Display and Everything Bran New. Our prices are also new to this section and we are confident of pleasing you. A call is solicited.

BROWN STREET RHINELANDER, WIS

Globe Barber Shop and Bath Room!

CHAS. NAYLOR, Proprietor.

Hair Cutting, Shaving, Shampooning, etc., done in first-class order, as none but the best of workmen are employed. A hot or cold water bath can be secured at a very reasonable price, and satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a call and be convinced.

DAVENPORT STREET, - - - RHINELANDER, WIS

GO TO—

BRADY'S NORTH SIDE STORE

FOR BARGAINS IN

Dry Goods, - -
Groceries, Boots, Shoes
And General Merchandise.

RHINELANDER, - - WISCONSIN.

BROWN & ROBBINS,

Manufacturers and Wholesalers of

LUMBER.

Lath and Shingles

NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING CO.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.

THE husk of Indian corn is being used for the manufacture of paper.

STRAWBERRIES grow even in cold Alaska, and now is the season for them.

ACCORDING to expert figures, the permanent tramp population of the United States numbers 60,000.

MRS. LAVINA FILLMORE, a relative of President Fillmore, has just celebrated her one hundred and fourth birthday. She resides in Clarence, N. Y.

A PHILOLOGICAL statistician calculates that in the year 2000 there will be 1,700,000,000 people who speak English, and that the other European languages will be spoken by only 500,000,000 people.

VELOCIPEDES having been introduced in the regular service of the Russian army, as reported, an official name of Slavonic origin has been devised for them. The new name is samoskaty, "self roller."

THE little king of Spain does not know his letters yet and all mental education has been forbidden him. He is so fragile and puny physically that the slightest exertion of the mind fatigues him.

AS AN evidence of the independence of American girls it is reported that within the last six months one hundred and fifty young women have taken up timber claims in the state of Washington.

THE oldest jockey on the turf, and still one of the best of them, is William Hayward, who rode Preakness in the famous dead heat race for the Saratoga cup in 1875. He lives at Eatontown, N. J.

MISS SUSAN M. DUNKLEE has just resigned the treasurership of the Newton (Mass.) band, a position which she has filled for seventeen years without once having to justify herself before the board for errors.

EXCAVATORS at Johnstown, Pa., have found several little hoards of money in tin cans and similar receptacles that had been laid away by frugal householders for a rainy day. The day came at last, but it was far too rainy.

THE champion absent-minded man has been discovered in northern Connecticut in one George Bump, who headed up a barrel while his son held up the head from the inside and who then went off and left the child to nearly suffocate.

A TOWN in New Jersey is excited over the coming marriage of a well-to-do man of 70 with a young lady of 28, whose sister is already married to the old man's son. Such a wedding, it is true, will mix the families up a little, but there is no trace of intermarriage about it, and as for the rest, weddings are, or should be, affairs not at all the business of the public.

BY order of the German emperor the Prussian minister of the interior has forbidden parents to baptize their children with political names of a certain character or color. Young Germans may be christened with names from the Bible, of princes, or of "royal" statesmen, generals and patriots. This measure is intended to prevent socialists from commemorating in their own families prominent revolutionists. "Robespierre" has long been a very favorite name for socialists.

DR. VERGARA, of Villacienzo, province of Burgos, Spain, has published to the world the details of a strange case of sustenation of life without food. A married woman, aged forty-eight years, residing near the doctor, has not taken nourishment of any kind for seventeen years, except a little water every three or four days. During all that time she has not left her bed, but lies in a state of lethargy. Her condition is easily mistaken for death, as she rarely moves except when disturbed as by light falling in her face.

DURING recent years England obtained more wheat from Russia than from the United States. Last year, for instance, she received from Russia 3,900,000 quarters, or about 31,200,000 bushels, against 3,500,000 quarters, or 28,000,000 bushels, from the United States. The partial failure of the wheat crop in Russia practically cuts off England this year from that source of supply. Its wheat import from India will have to be reduced also. This country will be called upon to make up the deficiency.

ALBERT W. HOSKINGS, of West Sheffield, Eng., has invented a machine which may yet be found most useful by politicians throughout the United States. It is a method of recording and counting votes by electricity. Mr. Hoskings has his machine on exhibition in London and it is asserted by competent persons who have examined it that it does accurately everything for the voter except make up his mind for him. It registers his vote by a method of absolute secrecy, it counts the same with a rapidity which reduces that laborious part of the operation to the proportions of a detail.

THE report of the statistics of Massachusett's manufacturers for 1890 just issued shows a steady improvement in the condition of the working people of that state. In 1885 17.91 per cent. of the men, women and children employed in manufacturing industries received wages under five dollars. In 1890 the percentage of employes receiving such wages had sunk to 15.92 per cent. of the much larger number of workers. That means that there has been a positive advance in wages. There are more people employed than five years ago, and all this in spite of the tremendous immigration of European labor.

THE most enthusiastic Yankee boomer of New Hampshire's attractions is outdone by the Cornhill Magazine, which asserts that "in some parts of New Hampshire, where the glaciers were unusually thick and deep, fragments of the primeval ice itself still remain on the spots where they were originally stranded. Among the shady glens of the White mountains there occur here and there great masses of ancient ice, the unmelted remnant of primeval glaciers; and one of these is so large that an artificial cave has been excavated in it, as an attraction for [illegible], by the Yankee proprietor."

Epitome of the Week.

INTERESTING NEWS COMPILATION.

FROM WASHINGTON.

THE postmaster general has sent letters to the postmasters in every county seat in the United States asking them to visit each office in their counties and make reports upon their observations.

THE business failures in the United States during the seven days ended on the 28th numbered 226, against 218 the preceding week and 189 for the corresponding week last year.

THE EAST.

THE legislature of Vermont convened in special session on the 25th.

AROUND Bangor, Pa., a large section of country was flooded by the bursting of a mill dam and great damage was done.

GOV. PAGE, of Vermont, has appointed Hon. Redfield Proctor, now secretary of war in President Harrison's cabinet, United States senator to succeed George F. Edmunds.

PROHIBITIONISTS of Pennsylvania in state convention at Harrisburg nominated W. W. Hague, of Warren, for attorney general, and George Drayton, of Media, for state treasurer.

IN Montville, Conn., Martin Smith celebrated his 107th birthday.

THE Patriotic Order Sons of America in session at Philadelphia defeated the proposition to admit colored members.

IN the falling buildings in Park place, New York, sixty-one persons lost their lives.

A CONFESSION has been made by Cashier Lawrence, of the Keystone bank in Philadelphia, that the books of the bank were altered to deceive Examiner Drew.

THE Patriotic Order Sons of America at the national camp at Philadelphia elected Clarence F. Huth, of Pennsylvania, as president.

AN engine drawing three coaches on the Bound Brook railroad between Neshaming Falls and Leghorn, Pa., ran 5 miles in 3 minutes 26 4-5 seconds, and 1 mile in 39 4-5 seconds, or at the rate of 90 miles an hour, the fastest time ever made by a railroad train.

EX-UNITED STATES SENATOR POMEROY, of Kansas, died at Whitensville, Mass., aged 76 years.

IN Philadelphia Lizzie Wilson, 32 years old, fatally poisoned herself and her child.

IN New York John Baxter, a painter, killed his wife and two children and then committed suicide.

AT the age of 100 years Mrs. Martha Johnson died at Syracuse, N. Y.

IN Rensselaer county, N. Y., a cloudburst did damage estimated at $250,000. Three persons were drowned.

IN session at Boston the American Bar association adopted a resolution recommending the passage by each state of an act for the promotion of uniform state laws.

A HURRICANE swept over the lower part of Newark, N. J., wrecking many buildings.

WEST AND SOUTH.

THREE Indiana bankers, Malott, Decker and Dougherty, of Indianapolis, Evansville and Bluffton, respectively, were fined $500 each and ordered committed until the amounts were paid for refusing to disclose the accounts of depositors to the board of tax commissioners.

AN old trunk which belonged to Edward Baker, who died recently near St. Louis, was found, and $17,000 in money discovered. Baker left a widow and three children, none of whom suspected his having the money.

GEORGE DECKER, of Williamston, O., while handling a gun supposed to be unloaded, shot and instantly killed his 15-year-old sister.

ABOUT one-half the village of Charleston, Ark., was swept away by fire, including the courthouse and all the records.

AT Tacoma, Wash., Edward Albertson, secretary and teller of the Fidelity Trust Company bank, took $9,000 from the safe and fled.

WILL LEWIS (colored), aged 18 years, was taken from jail at Tullahoma, Tenn., by eight masked men and hanged. Lewis was a drunken rowdy, but had been guilty of no great crime.

AN old soldier named Saltzgaber, while preparing papers at Marion, Ind., on which to secure a pension, walked in front of a moving train on the Clover Leaf railroad and was instantly killed.

FLAMES destroyed the business portion of Grand Mound, Ia.

A BARN belonging to Mrs. Dr. Righter, near Columbus, Ind., was burned and nine horses perished in the flames.

IN Detroit the Morton Backus Lumber Company failed for $100,000.

A TRAIN was wrecked near Grantsburgh, Minn., and twenty persons were badly injured.

AL MORGAN and Walter Lomax, prominent business men and politicians of North Arkansas, fought a duel at Little Rock with revolvers and both were fatally wounded.

A. H. WHITNEY, of Quincy, Ill., and A. H. Whitney, of Toronto, Ont., both died suddenly in the Russell house at Detroit within a few hours of each other. These brothers in death were neither relatives nor known to each other.

THE death of Dr. Lyman C. Draper, the noted historian, occurred at his home in Madison, Wis., of paralysis, aged 76 years.

AT the national encampment at Cleveland, O., S. S. Yoder was elected president of the Union Veterans' union.

J. B. MORRISON'S two daughters, aged 17 and 15 respectively, were drowned near Birmingham, Ala., while bathing.

NEAR Pomona, Cal., eastern capitalists have bought 640 acres of land and will set out 75,000 fig trees.

FIRE destroyed the business portion of Fonda, Ia.

AT Independence, Ia., Faustino won the $5,000 stake for 3-year-olds, making the last three heats in 2:18¼, 2:17 and 2:18½, the best three heats ever trotted by a 3-year-old.

SOME 300 San Francisco employers have formed an association to fight trades unions.

IN the northwest frosts greatly damaged wheat and other crops. In portions of Minnesota and the Dakotas ice formed, the thermometer marking four degrees below the freezing point.

IN a joking way Mrs. Tillie Reckman, of Ironton, O., pointed a revolver supposed to be unloaded in the face of Mrs. Dora May, who was visiting her from Ashland, Ky. The weapon went off, killing Mrs. May instantly.

A CALL has been issued for a statehood convention to be held at Oklahoma City September 24 next.

ON the Western North Carolina railroad a passenger train jumped a trestle and went to the bottom of a deep ravine near Statesville, killing forty passengers and injuring thirty others, nine seriously.

THE death of Newton Bacon, the oldest member of the masonic order in Wisconsin, occurred at Oshkosh, aged 90 years. The deceased had been a mason sixty-seven years.

BARLOW S. WEEKS, of New York, was elected commander in chief at the national encampment in Minneapolis of the Sons of Veterans.

NEAR Red Oak, Mich., James Burns and his daughter Alice were found dead in their house. It was thought they took their own lives.

IN a street fight A. J. Montgomery and two brothers named Jarvis were killed by Milton Kendall and his four sons at Georgetown, Ky.

MARYLAND republicans in state convention at Ocean City nominated W. G. Van Nort, of Kent county, for governor.

THE failure of the Bremaker-Moore Paper Company of Louisville, Ky., with liabilities of $200,000, was reported.

NANCY HANKS, a Kentucky mare, trotted three straight heats at Independence, Ia., in 2:12, 2:12¼ and 2:12, breaking all trotting race records.

THE legislature of Georgia, by a vote of 94 to 62, declined to accept the confederate veterans' home, an institution built with private funds.

AT Conway, Ark., Charles Mulligan, a negro who assassinated Ike Frauenthal, a leading Jewish merchant, was shot to death by a mob.

IN an interview Gen. R. S. Dyrenforth, who conducted the recent government rain experiments in Texas, said the experiments were correct beyond question. In three weeks six rains were produced, three of which were downpours, and the last one was the heaviest rain in three years.

AT Bourbon, Ind., the United Brethren church was totally destroyed by dynamite. There was no clew to the cause or perpetrators.

A MOB lynched Frank Dudley, a negro, at Georgetown, Ky., for murder.

AT Independence, Ia., Moubars, a 2-year-old colt, trotted a mile in 2:20, breaking the world's record of 2:21¾, made by Legal Wilkes. Direct paced a mile in 2:09¼.

AN incendiary fire destroyed almost one square of business houses at Danville, Ill.

ON the 28th the first reunion of the survivors of the Blackhawk war, which occurred in Illinois fifty-nine years ago, was held at Lena, Ill.

BANKERS of Missouri met at Lebanon and organized a state association.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ON board the steamer which arrived at Singapore with 800 Chinese coolies for the Penang market, cholera broke out and sixty deaths occurred.

THE census returns in Canada indicate a population of about 6,000,000 for the entire dominion.

THE death of Edward O'Malley occurred at Emly, county Tipperary, Ireland, aged 106 years.

AN appeal has been made by the governor of Martinique for assistance for the people of that unfortunate island. In addition to the enormous loss of life in the late hurricane whole villages have disappeared, and the growing crops were almost totally destroyed.

A HURRICANE at Boulogne, France, unroofed thirty houses.

GEN. WICHOTE, the last of the English officers who fought at Waterloo, died in London.

UNITED STATES CONSUL MCCREARY at Valparaiso has informed the authorities in Washington that Balmaceda's power in Chili is broken. His army was crushed after five hours' hard fighting, in which 5,000 men were slain, and was scattered beyond all hope of reorganization. The revolutionists had taken possession of Valparaiso.

NEAR Melbourne, Australia, the steamer Gambier collided with another vessel and went to the bottom. Twenty passengers and six of the crew were drowned.

THE changes in the board of directors of the Dublin Freeman's Journal gave the control of that paper to the opponents of Mr. Parnell.

THE provincial debts of Italy amount to $2,989,500,000, and the national debt to $5,000,000,000.

LATER.

The Daily Railway Wreck.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Aug. 31.—A wreck occurred on the Carmelton branch of the Air Line railroad about 11 o'clock this morning in which four lives were lost, thirteen badly hurt and eighteen slightly injured. The flange of one of the forward trucks of the engine broke while the train was running at the rate of about thirty miles an hour. The train at the time was on a trestle two miles from Troy, Ind. The engine passed over the trestle and plunged down the embankment. The train was a mixed one, the passenger coach being next to the engine. The coach followed the engine into the ditch and rolled over the top of it. It was occupied by about thirty people. The steam pipes gave way and the scalding steam entered the coach. Many of the passengers were women and children.

CHARLES ROSS, a butcher in New York City, while on a ladder the 31st, trying to hang up a side of beef, slipped and fell off the ladder and was impaled on a meat hook, which pierced his heart. Ross leaves a widow, to whom he was only married a month, and six children by his first wife.

AN aged couple, Mr. and Mrs. Bushenhagen, living near Hartford, Conn., were murdered the 31st by a tramp to whom they had given shelter. Robbery was not the motive because nothing was missing from the house. Search for the murderer was without avail.

WHILE playing craps in a saloon at Murfreesboro, Tenn., the night of the 31st, Will Smith quarreled with Bob Lytte, when the latter drew a revolver and killed the proprietor of the saloon and wounded Will Smith.

MR. PHELPS, the American minister to Germany announces that American pork will be admitted into the empire before snow flies.

THE last steamer from Japan brings the news of a typhoon in that country Aug. 16th, that caused the loss of two hundred lives.

FOUR Canadians were arrested at Pembina, N. D., the 31st, for violating the alien labor contract law.

THE indications are that Mexico will soon have a war similar to that of Chili.

THE express agent at B. C., the 31st, was robbed of $2,600 by unknown persons.

WHEAT went a booming again in Chicago the 31st, closing at 105 for December.

CHILI'S CAPITAL TAKEN.

Balmaceda Consents to the Unconditional Surrender of Santiago—The Dictator's Whereabouts Unknown—A Frenzied Mob Seeks His Life—Unable to Find Him, They Burn His Residence.

VALPARAISO, Aug. 31.—Santiago has been formally surrendered, the triumph of the congressional party is complete, and peace and quiet may be looked for in Chili before many days have passed. After the crushing defeat which Balmaceda's forces met with at the hands of Gen. Canto's troops on the hills back of this city Friday, and the subsequent entry of the conquering army into Valparaiso, the fall of the capital was only a question.

Early Saturday morning word was received from representatives of Balmaceda, at the capital, asking for a conference with a view to surrender. The request was readily granted, and Gen. Baquedano, who was formerly commander in chief of the Chilian army, was designated to act for the congressionalists. A meeting was held and the terms of the surrender were arranged.

The insurgents fleet came into the bay Saturday morning and found convenient anchorage grounds. The first business to be transacted was the formal capitulation of the city. Senor Montt announced that the only terms he had to offer was the unconditional surrender of the city, and of all officers and troops as prisoners of war. These terms were perforce accepted.

The Chavaral regiment of the congressional army took formal possession of Santiago Sunday night and practically the last act of the bloody drama of revolution which has torn Chili to pieces for the last seven months is closed. The Capital city was in the hands of a bloodthirsty mob Saturday night, and, while it was unable to satisfy its murderous instincts it did destroy a vast amount of property.

As soon as the news reached Santiago Saturday of the overwhelming defeat of the government troops on the heights of Placilla and the fall of Valparaiso and the people knew that Balmaceda's power was gone, and they had nothing to fear from his wrath, their enmity to his government broke forth. The cry was raised that the president should be killed and a mob started for his house. It grew in numbers and fury as it went through the streets, and by the time it reached the executive mansion was ripe for any bloody deed. Short shrift would have been allowed the president had he been caught. He knew that he would have little chance for his life if he remained in Santiago, and at the first receipt of the news of his overwhelming defeat he hid himself. The bloodthirsty fury of the mob was balked. The desire of the rabble for revenge found vent in the application of the torch. Soon Balmaceda's house was a mass of flames. Before it had been destroyed the mob marched off to the house of Senor Goday, the ex-minister of the interior and an ardent Balmacedist, and set it on fire. Then the residences of Balmaceda's mother, Gen. Barbosa, who was killed at the battle of Placilla; Senors McKenna and Eastman, the government newspaper offices and the homes of several newspaper officials were burned to the ground.

Balmaceda, when he heard of the fall of Valparaiso, sent for Gen. Baquedano, commander of the government troops in Santiago, to meet him at 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon at Moneda. This Baquedano declined to do, but suggested that the meeting be held in the house of Gen. Velasquez. A council was held at Velasquez's house, at which President Balmaceda, the generals and other leading Balmacedists were present. The situation was thoroughly canvassed, and it was decided that a further continuation of the struggle was hopeless and that the surrender of the capital was the only proper course. Baquedano was given charge of the city and was authorized to arrange the terms of the surrender with the congressionalists.

Comparative order has at last been restored in this city. It took drastic measures to do it. Rioters who were caught in the work were summarily dealt with, and many of them were shot. These prompt measures have cooled the ardor of the lawbreakers at last, but rioting was not stopped until property estimated at $1,800,000 had been destroyed.

There are all sorts of rumors about the movements of President Balmaceda. It was said that he was making his way overland to the Atlantic coast. Another statement was that he had gone to Coquimbo, where the Almirante Condell and the Imperiale were waiting for him. It is said on good authority, however, that he went by a special train Saturday to Talcahuano, on Conception bay, and that there he will make connection with the Condell and Imperiale, and in one of these vessels, probably the former, make for Buenos Ayres or Montevideo. If this is so, and there is every reason for believing that it is, he will in all probability escape.

Senor Don Claudia Vicuna, who was elected president to succeed Balmaceda, and who is now a refugee aboard the German flagship, acknowledges that the defeat of the government is final, and that any further resistance would be simply a useless waste of force and destruction of life and property. This seems to be the general opinion among the adherents of the government here.

Two Sisters Horribly Mangled in Sight of Many Persons.

CRESTON, Ia., Aug. 31.—A fearful accident happened in the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy yards Saturday afternoon near the depot and in sight of numerous people. Mrs. I. I. Langdale, of Creston, started to the depot with her sister, Mrs. Lizzie Ludwick, a widow lady, of Freeport, Ill., who was on her return after a week's visit to the blue grass exposition. They stepped on the track just as an engine was backing down and were run over. Mrs. Ludwick's head was severed from her body and Mrs. Langdale was literally cut to pieces.

Millard Fillmore's Sister Dead.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 31.—Mrs. Julia Fillmore Harris, last survivor of the family of eight brothers and sisters, one of whom was Millard Fillmore, thirteenth president of the United States, died Sunday night at the residence of her son, Charles Harris, in this city. She was 79 years of age.

Whirled to Death by a Belt.

CANTON, Kan., Aug. 31.—The breaking of a shaft in a large wheat elevator caused a belt to drag Joseph File into the machinery. He was alone in the building and was fatally mangled before being found.

MAN AND MONEY GONE.

A Louisville Cashier Leaves for Canada on the Discovery of a Heavy Shortage in His Accounts.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 29.—Maj. William Tillman, late cashier of the broken City Falls bank, sinking fund commissioner and one of the most prominent men in the city socially, has fled to Canada, and nearly $100,000 of the bank's money is missing. When the Falls City bank failed, nearly two months ago, it was announced that the assignment was merely to wind up the bank's affairs and that all obligations would be paid in full. The assignee began his investigations and the deeper he went the more mystified he became. Loans had been made on almost no security. The Enterprise Tobacco Warehouse Company had secured something over $100,000 with no property to show for it. Early last week Maj. Tillman resigned from the sinking fund board and went home sick. Friday the assignee of the bank found discrepancies that showed criminality. Maj. Tillman was told of this. He packed his grip at once and told his family he was going away for a few days. Developments indicate that he has gone for good. It was discovered that the Louisville Electric Company, which has been sold to the gas company for two years, had overdrawn its account about $5,000, and that other firms that had gone out of business were overdrawn. No settlements seemed to have been made at all, and the total amount so carried on the books was over $50,000. Maj. Tillman's account is said to have been overdrawn almost $50,000, and some of his overdrafts ran back for many years. As far as discovered there is a shortage on the bank's books of $37,000, made up by overdrafts on accounts that really had no existence. In addition to these discrepancies in the bank it is said that Tillman has made way with a trust fund left in his care. Mrs. R. R. Alexander and Miss Lettie Alexander, wife and daughter of R. R. Alexander, formerly cashier of the Fall City bank, and Tillman's predecessor, had a fortune of $210,000 which was in the keeping of Maj. Tillman. It now transpires that he has made away with $15,000 of this trust fund and diverted it to his own use.

It is not known definitely how much the shortage will be, but it is estimated at from $75,000 to $100,000.

FELL NEARLY HALF A MILE.

Michigan Aeronaut Instantly Killed by Falling from a Trapeze Bar.

DETROIT, Mich., Aug. 31.—"Jack" Hogan, brother of Aeronaut Ed Hogan, of Jackson, Mich., who lost his life two years ago in experimenting with an airship on Long Island, fell 2,500 feet from a balloon Saturday afternoon at the Detroit exposition grounds and was instantly killed.

Hogan started the ascent just after 5 o'clock in the presence of 30,000 people, intending to descend by means of the parachute attached to the balloon. In leaving the ground, however, he clung from the trapeze bar instead of seating himself on it, and when he had gone up 300 or 400 feet he tried in vain to raise himself to a sitting position and to draw the bar attached to the parachute to him. The great throng below him breathlessly watched the man's endeavors to raise himself and shuddered as he rose higher and higher and was still unable to get the parachute bar within reach. Finally, at a height of 2,500 feet, Hogan became exhausted and released his hold from the bar. Downward he shot with frightful velocity, while cries of horror arose from the great throng beneath. Women fainted by the score, and the faces of strong men blanched. Half way to the earth Hogan's limbs began to work convulsively, and his body, descending faster every minute, turned several somersaults. He struck a sidewalk a quarter-mile from where he went up, and two two-inch planks and the sleepers beneath them were broken and splintered. Blood spurted 50 feet from the corpse, every bone in his body was broken, and his head was mashed beyond recognition. Physicians who examined the body say that the man was undoubtedly dead before he struck the earth. His wife witnessed the fall and fainted dead away. Hogan also leaves a young child. He was new at the business.

OVER 200 KILLED.

Fearful Loss of Life During a Recent Typhoon in Japan.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Aug. 31.—By the steamer Empress of Japan, which beat the Pacific ocean record by eight hours, news was received of a great typhoon in Japan that caused the loss of over 200 lives. This typhoon struck the steamer on the evening of August 16 and lasted till the night of the following day. The German vessel Helene Rickmers was driven ashore from anchorage and thrown high and dry upon the bank, where she now lies greatly damaged and almost a complete wreck. Twenty or thirty of her crew are believed to have been drowned. While the typhoon was in progress the lighters which were bringing her cargo and provisions were washed away, a number of men being drowned. Great damage to property and life resulted all along the shore. It is believed the loss of life will be 250, mostly Japanese and Chinese sailors. The meteorological report says the typhoon was the most violent that has visited oriental seas for years.

SMALL NOTES WANTED.

The Capacity of the Engraving Bureau Taxed to Its Utmost.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31.—Treasurer Nebeker is making an earnest effort to meet the demand for small notes from the west, but the work is putting a severe strain upon the bureau of engraving and printing. Silver certificates are issued in the largest quantities, and several times the supply of $1, $2, $5, $10 and $20 notes has run short. The new wing of the bureau of engraving and printing has been put to use, however, and the presses are working overhours to turn out the paper.

South Dakota Farmers Lose Their Hay and Wheat by Flames.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Aug. 31.—A special to the Journal from Faulkton, S. D., says: All of the northwestern part of Faulk county was burned over Friday night by a terrible and most destructive fire, 20 miles wide and extending from Faulkton 50 miles northwest. As far as the eye can reach the sky was lit up with burning stacks of hay and grain. The farmers are ruined. For a space of 20 miles not a foot of grass is left for stock that escaped the flames. The damage can not be estimated yet. A heavy [illegible] fanned the flames.

WISCONSIN STATE NEWS.

CROP STATISTICS.

Figures Made Public Through the Office of the Secretary of State.

The secretary of state has received the exact acreage of crops in Wisconsin from the county clerks, who in turn received their information from the town assessors. The figures make the following showing:

The wheat acreage is 721,261 acres, or 4,196 acres less than last year. The average yield is 80¾ per cent. of last year, or about sixteen bushels per acre. This would make the total crop 11,540,776 bushels.

The number of acres of corn planted was 921,563, which is 33,211 less than in 1890. Corn, however, will yield less than last year, owing to the drought in many portions of the state.

There were 1,410,319 acres of oats sown this year, which is 32,033 acres less than in 1890. Oats are light, but in most sections of the state will give an average yield.

The number of acres of barley sown was 518,007, which is slightly more than last year, but much of this was turned into corn when it was found that the barley was infested with chinchbugs. The yield will fall far below the average.

The amount of rye sown was 203,866 acres, about the same as in 1890, and the number of acres of potatoes planted was 127,218, about 10,000 acres more than in 1890. The potato crop in many sections of the state is excellent and the yield will be large.

Death of Lyman C. Draper.

Dr. Lyman C. Draper, for many years secretary of the State Historical society, died at his home in Madison, of paralysis, aged 76 years. Dr. Draper came to Wisconsin in 1852. His demise will be mourned by historical students throughout the entire country. He occupied a position quite unique in American scholarship, and was regarded as an oracle on western topics among historical specialists the country over. Mr. Draper was married, and his wife was dying at Cheyenne, Wyo., with cancer.

Killed by a Three-Cent Piece.

Lynn Fuller, 26 years of age, died at Stevens Point. The cause of his death was supposed to have been heart failure, but upon holding a post mortem an old-fashioned silver three-cent piece was found in the vermiform appendage, a vessel leading from the intestines and out of which there is no passage. It was badly discolored, and how long it had been there could not be told. This no doubt caused inflammation and thereafter gangrene.

Fought for a Girl.

Will Johnston and Bob McKeon indulged in a fifteen round prize fight in the open street in the Sixth ward at Eau Claire over a lady's hand. A referee was chosen and the men proceeded to pummel each other in regular ring shape. In the fifteenth round Johnston was knocked out by a blow between the eyes. Both weighed about 185 pounds. The girl has discarded both.

Cream City Statistics.

City Clerk Mahoney has completed his revision of the taxable property of Milwaukee as assessed. The total is $113,075,120. This is an increase of $8,19[illegible],065 over last year. Of this real estate leads with an increase of $5,807,850. The increase in improvements is $2,389,580. In personal property there is a decrease of $5,870.

The Savings of a Lifetime Stolen.

James Gorman, a bachelor, who lived with his sister near Middleton, was robbed by an unknown man, who took the savings of a lifetime, which were wrapped up in a cloth package in their house. Neither Gorman or his sister knew just how much money was taken, but it was estimated to be nearly $20,000.

Stole Her Affections and Funds.

Mrs. Katherine Eckles, a Milwaukee widow, complained to the police that a stranger whom she met about a month ago captured her affections and under promise of marriage secured $200 and also realized $4,000 upon a mortgage upon her home and left for parts unknown.

The News Condensed.

A branch of the Farmers' Alliance at Stanley has 140 active members.

The mutilated body of Dennis McCue, a wealthy farmer, was found in the river at Racine.

John Heinz, 27 years old, committed suicide at Appleton by shooting himself. Insanity brought on by financial losses was the cause.

The fine family horse, harness and carriage of Samuel McDermid, a resident of Hudson, was taken by some unknown parties.

S. J. M. Putnam, for twelve years steward at the state hospital at Madison, died in Janesville, aged 71 years.

A monument to Chippewa county's dead soldiers will shortly be built and placed in courthouse square at Chippewa Falls.

William C. Pease, whose name is prominently connected with the early history of Wisconsin, died at Otsego, aged 82 years.

Lewis Jeness was accidentally killed in a sawmill at Chippewa Falls.

A 6-year-old son of John Stiles, of River Falls, was killed by being thrown from a wagon during a runaway.

Burglars broke into the Chicago & Northwestern railway depot at Janesville and secured $50 in cash and a number of tickets.

Trees were uprooted and buildings moved on their foundations near Boyd by a cyclone.

J. R. Bleasdale, a local feed dealer at Janesville, was robbed of $600 by a clerk, A. W. Raboss.

A son of Mrs. Martha Luderer, living in the town of Beaver, was accidentally fatally shot by an older brother while hunting.

George Frissel and E. Estabrook, his grandson, were both drowned while fishing in Beaver Dam lake, near Cumberland.

William McCann became intoxicated and went to sleep on a railway track at Watertown and a passing train killed him.

The house of Louis Chaput at Clear Creek was struck by lightning and set on fire. All the inmates were rendered insensible by the shock, but recovered in time to extinguish the flames.

At Chippewa Falls the millinery firm of Foster & Andrews made an assignment to William H. Stoddard. Dull trade was the cause. The liabilities and assets were about equal.

The Wilkin Manufacturing Company, makers of sawmill and general milling machinery in Milwaukee, made an assignment to John Barth, whose bond was fixed at $400,000.

An eel 37 inches in length and weighing about five pounds was captured by Peter Gagnor, Jr., of Two Rivers, [illegible] Mishicott river. [illegible] captured in [illegible]

RURAL LIFE IN ARKANSAS.

Something About the Lives of the Poor Women.

The women have a hard life, working in the fields and in the house; they age early, and die when, under happier chances, they would be in their prime. Thus it happens that so many men have three, or four, or five wives "without," as one honest fellow said, "never fighting with none of 'em." "I kep' 'em all decent, an' I buried 'em all in a store coffin," said he. An old planter, alluding to an unhealthy region, said: "Why, right down there I buried two or three wives, and four children, and a heap of niggers!"

They are very fond of their children and kind to them; unwisely kind, perhaps, as we Americans are inclined to be. To all the other hardships of a woman's life here is added her mourning for her little children; for the careless life bears hard on them, especially in overflow seasons. Sometimes we are reminded of this in a homely yet affecting way, as yesterday, when in buying some chickens and asking for more, the little merchant said: "They ain't no more, only but one old rooster; and we don't aim to sell him, 'cause my little brother that died, he alway claimed him, and maw sayed she never would sell him!"

A queer expression (which is nevertheless a common one here) used by a poor mother whose little girl was burned to death, sticks in my memory: "It ben ten years, now, but I ain't got *satisfied* with it yit."

And a poor man, who clung desperately to a wretched mortgaged little farm in the swamp, excused himself for unwisdom that even he could see by the plea that his two dead children were buried there, and "My woman, she hated terribly to have them die, and she cayn't git satisfied to leave 'em, nohow!"

"What a life!" our northern friends say. Yet it is a life with huge ameliorations. In this country, everyone has the climate, to begin with. There are only two months in the year when we can be said to have cold weather; and even through these months are scattered lovely days of truce, filled with sunshine. Neither need we pay for our mild winters with hot summers. There are but two months that are really uncomfortably warm for more than a few days at a time. These are August and September. They tell us that the nights are cool then; but I receive this statement with a degree of apathy, because I never was in any climate so torrid that I did not hear it, or that two blankets did not make a handsome figure in the story. We sleep under two blankets, like the dwellers in St. Augustine, Nice, Algiers, and I dare say all the citizens of the equator that respect themselves.—Octave Thanet, in Atlantic.

THE TWO MISERS.

A Lesson Learned by a Student in the Art of Avarice.

A miser living in Kufa had heard that in Bassora also there dwelt a miser more miserly than himself, to whom he might go to school, and from whom he might learn much. He forthwith journeyed thither; and presented himself to the great master as a humble beginner in the art of avarice, anxious to learn, and under him to become a student.

"Welcome!" said the miser of Bassora; "we will straight go into the market to make some purchases."

They went to the baker.

"Hast thou good bread?"

"Good, indeed, my masters; and fresh and soft as butter."

"Mark this, friend," said the man of Bassora to the one of Kufa; "butter is compared with bread as being the better of the two; as we can only consume a small quantity of that, it will also be the cheaper; and we shall therefore act more wisely, and more savingly, too, in being satisfied with butter."

They then went to the butter merchant and asked if he had good butter.

"Good, indeed; and flavory and fresh as the finest olive oil," was the answer.

"Mark this also," said the host to his guest; "oil is compared with the very best butter, and, therefore, by much ought to be preferred to the latter."

They next went to the oil vender:

"Have you good oil?"

"The very best quality: white and transparent as water," was the reply.

"Mark that, too," said the miser of Bassora to the one of Kufa; "by this rule water is the very best. Now, at home I have a pailful, and most hospitably therewith will I entertain you."

And, indeed, on their return, nothing but water did he place before his guest; because they had learned that water was better than oil, oil better than butter, butter better than bread.

"God be praised!" said the miser of Kufa, "I have not journeyed this long distance in vain!"—N. Y. Ledger.

To Keep Out Thieves.

One of the most simple devices that has been applied to the ordinary door-lock to prevent the turning of the key by anyone outside is constructed of a single piece of bent wire. It is applied through the eye formed in the short end of the fastener. A pivoted connection allows it to be turned aside when the device is not in use. The long arm of the device is bent substantially at a right angle, forming a finger, which projects into the key hole alongside the ward of the key, effectually preventing its being turned or removed. The release of the key is effected by the pulling out of the finger, which immediately flies out of the way automatically.—Chicago Tribune.

No Letting Go.

There was such a crowd of onlookers to oversee the cable-car excavating in Broadway, near Fulton street, the other day, that a policeman seized a young man by the arm and said:

"Here; you go about your business!"

"My bizness! My bizness!" exclaimed the man. "I guess you don't know me!"

"Are you one of the workmen?"

"No, sir; but I've been hanging around here every day for the last four weeks to see how this thing was done, and I don't propose to let go now if I know myself!"—M. Quad, in N. Y. World.

Its Wakefulness Explained.

Cumso—An anti-kidnaping league has been formed.

Mrs. Cumso—Then that accounts for it. My baby is among the membership. I thought it was merely insomnia, but I see now what it is.—Jury.

An Exception.

"It's a mistake," said Mrs. Herts, after her guests had gone; "it is a mistake to say that misery loves company. I thought I'd die with headache while those people were here."

MAKING A SHOW.

Young Men, Beware of Sailing Under False Colors.

My Uncle George was an old bachelor. Why he preferred the state of single blessedness he kept a secret, but at last he made me a confidant.

One even ng, as we sat together in my uncle's comfortable mansion, I found him in a very communicative mood, and partaking rather freely of his choice old sherry, of which he kept a good supply, and to my astonishment he broached the subject which I had promised to bring up.

"My dear boy," said he, "I suppose you have often wondered why I remained an old bachelor?"

"Yes, uncle," said I, in an airy, offhand way which did not at all betray the depth of my curiosity. "I am sure you must have had ample opportunity to see the cream of society and make a suitable choice of a companion."

"Well," said he, "I will tell you, and the story may be a good subject for your dreams of future speculation.

"When I was a young man I was rather fond of making a good show in society. At times this was performed on a very limited capital. Shortly after I settled in New York I made the acquaintance of a beautiful and estimable young lady, Miss Clorinda Swan, and I lost no time in paving the way for a matrimonial alliance with her.

"One evening the subject of conversation between us ran upon operas, and the upshot of it was that I invited Clorinda to go to the Academy of Music the next evening. As I have said, my means were then rather limited, and now I had just enough left to pay for the tickets, but no surplus for carriage, supper and etceteras. With these I determined to dispense, as I thought my fair Clorinda was too sensible to notice the loss.

"Fortune favored me at the start; the evening was fine and the ground dry, so at the appointed time I made my appearance, dressed in the best I could afford, and waited patiently for Clorinda. She soon put all my fears on the carriage question to flight by assuring me that she preferred walking.

"We chatted gayly on the way to the academy, and were in due time for performance, which was the opera of 'Martha,' with Mme. Parepa-Rosa in the leading role. Of the performance I need not speak. The opera was all that we could desire, and was rendered most admirably.

"When the performance was over we descended the stairs amid the gay throng, and soon reached the sidewalk. But, oh, horror of horrors! it was raining! What was I to do? To get a carriage, without having a cent to pay for it, made my blood run cold. A happy thought occurred to me in a moment, and in a nervous whisper I asked Clorinda if she had rubbers on. To my dismay she answered:

"'No; my boots are very light, too, and I could not think of walking. We must get a carriage.'

"Of course there was nothing left for me but to face the music, and I hailed one of the many drivers who were anxious to get passengers. I assisted my fair Clorinda to a seat, and in a few moments we were whirling along through the rain. Hardly had we gone two blocks when Clorinda said she was hungry, and asked me to stop and get supper. My feelings can easier be imagined than described as I thought of my empty pockets, and tried to reason her out of eating so late at night. All my arguments were fruitless, however, for my dear Clorinda was not to be thwarted.

"Thinking that fortune might befriend me by some means then a mystery to me, I ordered the driver to stop at the nearest restaurant. We entered the saloon and took seats at a table in the center of the room. I determined to eat as little as possible, but Clorinda was not by any means so delicate, and quietly took the liberty of ordering what she wanted. In vain I looked around to see if by chance the saloon contained an acquaintance, but to my dismay not a familiar face was to be seen.

"As you may imagine, I was not in a hurry to leave the table, but my companion began to show strong signs of restless anxiety to get home, so I thought I'd better start and have it over as soon as possible.

"I had formed many plans of how I was to pacify the cashier at the desk, but the wretch had more human nature in him than I imagined.

"While walking down the saloon I turned to Clorinda and suggested that she had better go out and get into the carriage while I was settling the bill and buying some cigars, which I wanted to take with me. To this she made no objection, as luck would have it.

"I walked on till I came in front of the smiling individual who was waiting for payment, and with as bold an air of innocence as I could assume I told him I had forgotten my pocketbook in the hurry of getting ready for the theater, but I would call next day and settle the bill.

"'Too thin a story to pass here, sir,' he ejaculated. 'We do a strictly cash business.'

"'I don't want to be bullied about such a trifle,' I continued, but the man had completely changed into a hog by this time, and coming out from his place behind the desk, he looked wicked enough to choke me then and there.

"'I will call a policeman and have you arrested,' he said, in a menacing tone, loud enough to be heard by all [illegible] in the saloon.

[illegible] at the insulting [illegible] I lost all con-

pass, you red-headed scoundrel!' I said as I made a dash for the door.

"A general scuffle ensued, and I believe I was giving him a few well-aimed blows, when, to my horror, a policeman rushed in and collared me as roughly as if I had been a madman.

"'What's this all about?' he demanded of the clerk, who was blind with rage.

"'Arrest that man and take him to the station-house, and I will go down and make a charge against him.'

"'But let me explain,' I cried, in a loud tone.

"'Explanations at the station-house,' said the officer, as he dragged me into the street, where a crowd of idlers had already gathered to see the fun.

"As I reached the sidewalk I saw the carriage drive off at a rapid rate. I learned afterward that Clorinda became alarmed for her own safety, and promised the driver a liberal reward if he would drive to her father's house. This made matters worse, for it looked as if she was an accomplice of mine, and fled for fear of arrest.

"Imagine the state of my feelings as I was marshaled through the streets, with five hundred urchins yelling all around me! When we reached the police station the usual preliminaries were gone through. The restaurant keeper appeared, and made a charge against me of 'swindling and deliberate assault without provocation.

"I told my story, but of course it went for nothing, as the policeman gave his evidence in affirmative of the charges. Of course I was walked off to a cell to pass the night in thinking over my troubles.

"In the morning, after being escorted before a police justice, I was tried and fined ten dollars. I telegraphed to a friend downtown, who soon came to my assistance and paid the fine. I went home to my boarding house, and, as luck would have it, the people in the house were ignorant of my adventures during the night. I suppose they thought I had been on a spree, but they said nothing, and I did not enlighten them.

"That evening I made up my mind to call upon my dear Clorinda and her parents, for the purpose of explaining my conduct. All through the day I had been framing excuses, which were, for the most part, lies and equivocations. When I reached the door my heart beat so strongly that I felt my courage giving way, and I stood on the stoop for several minutes before I could summon sufficient courage to ring the bell.

"When the girl came to the door I asked if Miss Swan was at home. She said 'yes,' and politely asked me to 'take a seat in the parlor.'

"In a few moments the servant reappeared, bearing a card with the compliments of her mistress. I glanced at the card, and on it was written, in a clear, delicate hand:

"'Have you got rubbers on? Have you the money to pay for your supper? If not I will lend you the necessary amount. C. S.'

"I made a dash for the door, and was soon in the street, fearing lest the father should appear and kick me out of the house.

"And now, my dear boy, do you wonder that I am still a bachelor! My advice to you is—beware of sailing under false colors."—D. J. Finlay, in N. Y. Weekly.

COTTAGE NAMES.

The Curious Nomenclature That Prevails at the Noted Maine Resort.

The cottage nomenclature of Bar Harbor, says a letter from that place, is interesting, and all sorts of odd, fantastic, appropriate and inappropriate names are given the summer homes.

The name "cottage" itself is peculiarly inappropriate when applied to some of these great baronial castles erected at a cost of more than one hundred thousand dollars, built of stone or coated with pebbledash or stucco.

Some of the names are: "Brierbound," "Meadowbridge," "Abendruh," "Marigold," "Edgemen," "Marevista," "Birch Point," "Devilstone," "Fernirest," "Yellow House," "Mikaana," "Reef Point," "Aloha," "Chatwold," "Aramaya," "Steepways," "Brierfield," "Bagatelle," "Greystone," "Villa Mary," "Guy's Cliff," "The Sea Urchins," "Buena Vista," "Clovercroft," "Mainstay," "The Moosinys," "Beaudesert," "Burnmouth," "The Barnacles," "Baymeath," "Witch-Clyffe," "Sonogee," "Fun Hill," "Homewood," "Devon," "Highbrook," "Stanwood," "Nasturtium," "Massly Hall," "Bany-Bryn," "Wyandotte," "Teviof," "Tanglewood," "Kebo," "Primrose," "The Eyrie," "The Crags," "Shingle," "Toppingwold," "Ingleside," "Thirlstone," "Oldfarm," "Beachcroft," "Glengordon," "Aldersea," "Chantier," "Pemetic Lodge," "The Tides," "Saltair," "Far Niente," "The Buoy," "The Ledge," "Crow's Nest," "Redwood," "Ledge Hollow," "Rockhurne," "Dutch Cottage," and many others.—Chicago Times.

How He Did It.

"Darling," he murmured, "do you remember the night I left you six years ago, vowing that I would not look you in the face again until I counted myself worthy? To-night, my queen, I am a rich man. Tell me again that you do indeed love me." "I do," she answered, as she lay back in his strong arms and sighed as she thought of the long, weary years she had waited for the Metropolitan museum of art to open on Sunday. "But tell me, dear, how you made your fortune."

"That is easily done," he replied, gayly. "After I left the house that night I hastily entered a cab, but had not driven a block when the driver fell off the box in an apoplectic fit."

"And then?" she questioned, anxiously.

"And then," he went on, with an exultant ring in his voice, "I took his place."—Life.

Which Is Correct?

Of course Detroit can successfully claim some of the very sweetest and prettiest and most natural and brightest girls that ever drew the breath of life, but all of them are not quite up to that standard.

"Mamma," said one of these not-quite-ups, "is it proper to say that a horse is bow-legged in his fore-limbs, or bow-limbed in his fore-legs?"

And the good mother looked up from her work of sewing a reinforcement on the seat of Johnnie's pants and never said a word, but, oh, that look.—Detroit Free Press.

—"Is that horse [illegible] the auctioneer [illegible] docile than [illegible] and [illegible]

FOR DOMESTIC USES.

An Interesting Chapter on Electricity in the Household.

How the Servant-Girl Problem May Eventually Be Solved—Little Luxuries Which in the Course of a Short Time Will Become Necessities.

[Special Correspondence.]

The constant and increasing demand for power to supply the needs of our complicated civilization, together with the failure of physical strength under such conditions, has forced electricity into service as a substitute for muscular strength in nearly every line of manufacture. This has solved a difficult problem, and has opened the way for one as important and needful, viz., the use of this power in the household. Some of the appliances brought into use within the last year are so suggestive of the future utility of this agent that to hopeful minds the possibility of solving, by this method, the servant-girl question seems feasible. The first application of electricity for domestic use was the bell, which was first used early in the century. The pressure of a finger on a button calls in contact two strips of metal and completes a circuit, forming an electrical endless chain from the battery through the wires, bell and communicator. The whole circuit gives passage to a current of electricity and becomes charged with magnetic power.

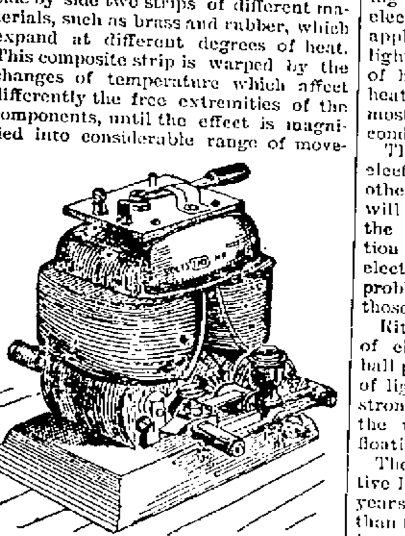
By an accumulation of wire as a cord about a horseshoe bar of iron, the power is increased locally to attract the bell-hammer and by a simple device a blow on the bell is reduplicated.

A similar electro-magnet in the communicator releases, by its pull, a shutter indicating the room from which the call came.

Simple designs for controlling the temperature in houses heated by steam, hot air, or water have proved to be of practical value in the saving of fuel, and in the added comfort of evenly-heated rooms. In each room an automatic thermometer is placed, which makes a contact as soon as a required point of temperature is reached.

It is so arranged that the contact electro-magnetically cut off the supply of heat from the chamber. As the room cools when the temperature falls below the required limit, the thermometer breaks the circuit and the heat is readmitted.

This *thermostat* is made by riveting side by side two strips of different materials, such as brass and rubber, which expand at different degrees of heat. This composite strip is warped by the changes of temperature which affect differently the free extremities of the components, until the effect is magnified into considerable range of movement. This enables a contact to take place at any temperature within the required limits.



MOTOR FOR DOMESTIC USE.

From the combined use of the thermostat and electric bell, a fire alarm could be arranged.

An electric door opener has also been invented. The action of the door in closing compresses a powerful spiral spring, which is held in check by a lever until the lever is freed by an electro-magnetic impulse. The spring forces the door open, the latch being at the same time withdrawn. Electric clocks are in common use in public buildings where a timepiece is required in all or several rooms. Of these there are two distinct classes: one has a centralized government, where one standard clock drives all the others electro-magnetically, while in the other system each clock is a free and independent timekeeper. These clocks are electrically wound, and when science can furnish an inexhaustible electrical supply, the action of the electric clock will be the nearest approach to perpetual motion yet made. The advantages of incandescent electric light are well known and need no mention.

This lamp emits so little heat that it is especially appreciated in warm weather, and when broken is in no danger of causing fire. By having a spare lamp in each room under control of the burglar and fire alarm system any disturbance in either would produce not only the stroke of an alarm bell but would instantly light the whole house.

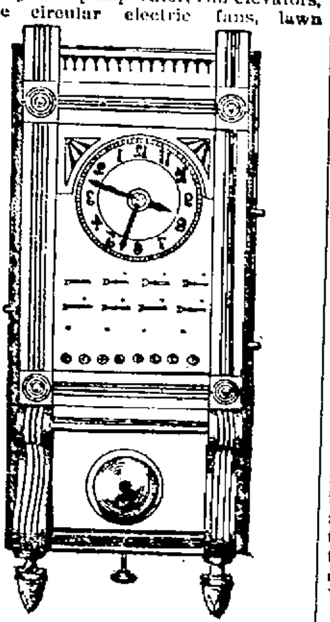
The number of practical possibilities and actual applications of electric power in housework through the electric motor is almost unlimited.

The motor is compact, silent, clean. In domestic sizes of one horse power, it weighs less than 100 pounds and the simple turning of a switch will start or top it. By its use electrical power is made available. Its principle is entirely magnetic. The pull that a wire, conveying an electric current, is seen to exert upon a compass needle is intensified by having a large horseshoe electro-magnet for the compass needle, and many turns of wire close up within its grasp. The revolving cylinder is an electric treadmill by which the current is cut off from each wire in turn as it reaches the point of most powerful attraction, so that the current is always kept advancing toward the magnetic pole, but never reaches it.

These motors are now on the market in a variety of shapes and sizes. In size they vary from one-tenth one horse power upward. The weight of a motor of one-eighth one horse power is about 15 pounds, and measures 7½x5x3 inches. Its pulleys deliver power when it is in any position, resting on its side or bottom side up. The magnet is subject to no wear; the bearings of the armature show change and have to be renewed. By the use of the motor the danger from steam pipes and boilers is avoided, but it has peculiar dangers of its own. In wiring a building for electrical apparatus, the wires should be hidden, yet should always be easy of access. In no [illegible] should they be covered by the [illegible] of the walls.

[illegible] houses supplied with electric power may be given to a sewing [illegible] connecting the motor with the electric mains and then completing the circuit with the gearing of the machine. In a house thus supplied the weakest girl may sit at a low table on which the machine rests, the tiny motor under the wheel supplying power which runs the machine.

In houses where there is an electric motor this force may be successfully employed to pump water, run elevators, move circular electric fans, lawn mowers and do churning. It has also been used to black shoes. In a few instances it has been attached to parlor organs and automatic pianos, and this power has also been utilized to furnish a substitute for the black-faced, white-aproned waiter. A miniature railroad track encircles the table within easy access of each guest and thence on an ornamented trestlework disappears through an opening into the pantry. The dishes, electrically signaled for by the hostess, come in on little trucks fitted with small motors. These trucks stop automatically before each guest, who, after helping himself, presses a button which sends the truck on to his neighbor. After all are served the truck quickly and silently vanishes through the shutter which is lifted to allow its passage.



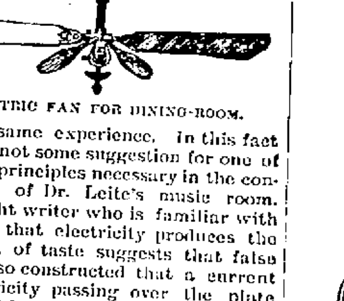
CLOCK AND BURGLAR ALARM.

The electricians of to-day are studying the possibility of heating houses by electricity. A great part of the energy applied electrically for the purpose of lighting is dispensed in the form of heat, while only 5 per cent. of this heat is yielded in rays of light, the most being lost in the passage through conductors.

The day is probably far distant when electric heating apparatuses and many other household electrical appliances will be within the reach of any except the wealthiest class. One great question of the day is this of economical electric heating, and the solving of this problem may be more difficult than those solved in the past.

Ritter discovered that a weak current of electricity passed through the eyeball produces the sensation of a flash of light, while the transmission of a strong current produces in some people the vision of blue and green colors floating between the forehead and hand.

There is a chance for some speculative Bellamy to look forward a score of years and see visions more wonderful than the common mind can even conjecture. Ritter also heard musical sounds when the current of electricity was passed through his ears, and Volta had the same experience. In this fact is there not some suggestion for one of the first principles necessary in the construction of Dr. Leite's music room. One bright writer who is familiar with the fact that electricity produces the sensation of taste suggests that false teeth be so constructed that a current of electricity passing over the plate should either carry off disagreeable tastes or convert them into pleasant ones. If this should ever prove practical electricity would overstep the limits of the useful arts into the moral art of keeping peace in families.



ELECTRIC FAN FOR DINING-ROOM.

The most satisfactory results of the use of the motor in domestic affairs must necessarily be in apartment buildings where several families live in close proximity. Many of the difficulties in the way of its common use in private families will be overcome when that era of perfect housekeeping called co-operative shall have dawned.

When that time comes women will find time to plan new devices and the servant girl be a memory of the past.

If electricity does not supply the actual manna by which the human race shall be fed, it will doubtless be a powerful factor in supplying the increasing needs of our increasing population. It enters not only into every line of labor which takes heavy burdens from the shoulders of overworked men and women but by its increasing utility child labor in factories should and will be done away with.

KATE S. CRISSEY.

Legal Note.

A young man of about eighteen years of age had occasion to shoot a friend with whom he had a personal difficulty. He was arrested and brought to Austin for trial. As he had no money to hire a lawyer, the court appointed a member of the Austin bar to defend him. As the jury was being selected, the lawyer asked his client if he knew of any cause why any of them should be challenged.

"Not yet," was the whispered reply; "but if they find me guilty, I've got a brother who will challenge the last one of 'em. You can challenge the judge if you want to, but I want to attend to the sheriff myself."—Texas Siftings.

A Sad Disappointment.

First Highwayman—Why do yer look so glum, Bill?

Second Highwayman (surveying the spoils with disgust)—It's green goods, by gosh! Dat was a farmer from de city we jest held up.—Judge.

A Rehearsal.

First Young Lady—What are you crying for so bitterly, my darling?

Second Ditto—I'm only rehearsing, dearest. My breach of promise case comes off to-morrow.—Cincinnati [illegible]

NEW YORK LETTER.

Gotham Juries the Most Unreliable Thing in the World.

How Justice Is Administered in the Metropolis—Inspector Byrnes' Way of Interviewing Criminals—A Juror Who Gave Satisfaction to a Lawyer.

[Special New York Letter.]

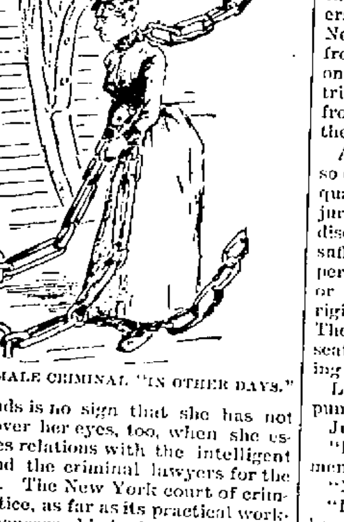
THERE are a great many unreliable and uncertain things in this world and in New York in particular. Tariff reform and yacht racing, for instance, are remarkably uncertain things to depend on. In fact there are very few things that can be implicitly relied on. In the bright lexicon of human experience there is nothing so uncertain as a sure thing, but the verdict of a New York jury in a murder case is the most mysterious and incomprehensible thing that can be imagined. You might as well try to guess the price of butter from the weight of the calf of the cow that produces the milk as to predict the verdict of a New York jury from the evidence in the case.

The good people of New York have come to the conclusion that the administration of criminal justice is more in a nature of a comedy than anything else. The bad people, by which term the criminal classes are meant, have found this out some time ago. A New York jury seems to be a body of men organized to find out which side has the smartest lawyer.

The infliction of death as a penalty for murder has been practically abolished as far as concerns, what Mrs. Partington called, "the opposing sex." Of late years quite a number of females in New York, who had grievances against men, promptly rectified them by shooting large apertures in the anatomical structures of the offending representatives of the male sex with fatal results. In the last two cases sympathetic juries acquitted the fair shootists with such promptness that it would not have created surprise if the jurymen had chipped in and presented the acquitted woman with a silver-mounted pistol, properly inscribed. It may come to that yet if we keep on as we are going. After awhile it will not be safe for a man to hesitate in giving his seat in an elevated car to the standing female, and as for the male boarder asking the landlady for a second piece of pie the reckless man who contemplates trying it had better get his life insured with as little delay as possible.

In former days the murderess was not treated so gingerly. She was treated pretty much the same as if she was a man. She was loaded down with chains instead of flowers and either executed or transported to some penal colony to end her miserable existence. Now, she is triumphantly acquitted and receives so many offers of marriage by mail and from males that the letter carrier who has to deliver them acquires a permanent curvature of the spine.

There are numerous other recent instances of New York juries finding verdicts totally at variance with the reasonable conclusions to be drawn from the evidence. Unless there is a change for the better—and there is nothing of the sort in sight at this time of writing—the arm of the law will have to be put up in a sling and kept there. The fact that the wooden goddess of justice on the New York courthouse has scales in her hands is no sign that she has not scales over her eyes, too, when she establishes relations with the intelligent jury and the criminal lawyers for the defense. The New York court of criminal justice, as far as its practical workings is concerned is far behind the crude administration of justice by a jury in Arizona, which found the defendant "not guilty" of stealing the horse, but recommended that he leave the town within twenty-four hours. The New York jury that acquits a guilty party makes no such recommendation. In fact the acquitted criminals stay right here, receive ovations from their friends, and get their portraits in the daily papers. Somehow or other it don't look right.



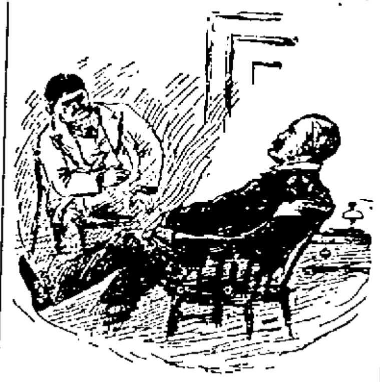
THE FEMALE CRIMINAL "IN OTHER DAYS."

The New York judges are learned men, and the criminal lawyers are remarkably intelligent—too intelligent in fact. The cost of trying cases makes the taxpayer's head swim, but the result is almost as unsatisfactory to the general public as were the methods employed by a raw citizen of Seguin, a small town in western Texas. A rather crude citizen was elected justice of the peace, and the only law book he had was Cushing's Manual. The first case before him was that of a cowboy for stealing a steer. When the case was called the leading lawyer of the town, Hon. John Ireland, by name, was there to defend the prisoner. "As there is no counsel for the other side," he said, "I make a motion that the case be dismissed." The justice looked over his manual. "A motion has to be seconded," he said. "I second the motion," promptly responded the prisoner. "The motion has been seconded that the case be dismissed," said the court, "All in favor will please say 'aye.'" The prisoner and his attorney vote, "aye." "All opposed will say 'no.'" Nobody voted. "The motion is carried and the case is dismissed," repeated the court. "A motion to adjourn is now in order." The prisoner made the motion and the court adjourned to a saloon in the vicinity.

After having observed the workings of justice in the New [illegible] case might be adopted in New York with great advantage. It would save a great deal of time and money, and the result would be about the same as it is at present.

The average verdict in a New York murder case not only surprises the general public but it absolutely astounds even the prisoner and his attorney, unless the jury has been tampered with, which happens occasionally, so there is reason to suspect. A gentleman who has had considerable experience with the criminal courts told me how a lawyer got picked up very neatly.

There was a clear case of premeditated murder again his client. He had been guilty of a cold-blooded murder and there were no extenuating circumstances whatever. The lawyer got a chance to whisper to one of the jurymen: "It will be $100 in your pocket if you get the jury to bring in a verdict of manslaughter in the second degree." The juryman winked at the lawyer, and the case went to trial. The district attorney made out even a worse case against the accused than was expected. Finally the case went to the jury, which remained out a long time, but at last brought in the desired verdict of manslaughter in the second degree. On the following day the lawyer for the convicted man paid over the $100 to the juror, thanking him warmly for his efforts to save the lawyer's client who should have been hanged, drawn and quartered.



INSPECTOR BYRNES INTERVIEWING A CRIMINAL.

"Yes," responded the juror, as he placed the money in his inside pocket, "It was pretty tough work, but I got there after awhile. All the rest were in favor of acquittal."

One reason why the murderers escape conviction is the zeal of their lawyers, who leave no stone unturned to bring about an acquittal, or at least a disagreement, which practically amounts to the same thing. New York is overstocked with lawyers, and even where no fee is paid in a murder case the gratuitous advertising is a great incentive. I am personally acquainted with a young lawyer who was admitted to the bar three years ago, and the other day he got his case. He sued his own washerwoman, who had refused to return his other shirt, because he owed her a bill. These young lawyers are very active. As soon as the judge lays down the law nicely they jump on it.

When it comes to catching criminals New York has very superior facilities. Inspector Byrnes is one of the ablest detectives in the world. They say he can hear the grass growing, he is so sharp, and when he undertakes to find a criminal he does it. He almost always succeeds. They say he can forge a chain of evidence around the most tricky criminal.

He takes them in his private studio and converses with them in a quiet, fatherly way, until they confidingly tell all they know, and even a great deal more sometimes. But what is the use of catching criminals if the chucklehead juries turn them loose again on the community? Most of the murderers and murderesses that are tried in New York feel so sure of their escape from the meshes of the law that the only time they are moved during the trial is when the sheriff moves them from the Tombs to the courthouse in the "black Maria."

Another cause why justice miscarries so often is to be found in the inferior quality of the material of which the juries are composed. If a talesman discloses the fact that he is possessed of sufficient intelligence to read the papers and form an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, he is rigidly excluded from the jury box. The juror who is allowed to take his seat in the box usually gives the following answers to the questions:

Lawyer—Are you opposed to capital punishment?

Juror—Not at all.

"Do you know what capital punishment is?"

"No."

"Do you believe that murderers should be executed?"

"I do not."

"Would the evidence control you in arriving at a verdict?"

"Not if I could help it."

"Take your seat in the jury box."

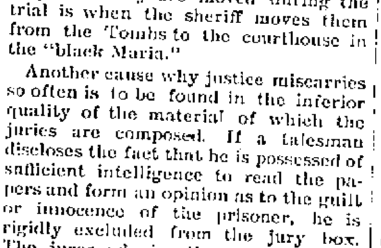
ALEX E. SWEET.

His Convert.

Prof. Indur (author of "Metempsychosis," etc.)—Don't you believe in the transmigration of souls, Miss Hayve?

Miss Bee Hayve—Yes, I believe I do; for, do you know, at times you have the same hunted look in your eyes that my poor Fido had when the dog catchers were after him.—Puck.

VERY IMPROBABLE



Griggs—Horrible thing, that murder in this morning's paper. It will fairly raise your hair when you read it.

Baldy—It may, but I don't believe it will.—Munsey's Weekly.

Honors About Even.

Husband (reading his morning paper)—Here's a woman who was so grieved when her husband died that she killed herself. That's the kind of wife for a man to have!

Wife—That's the kind of a husband for a woman to have.—Chicago Tribune.

A Rival's Sarcasm.

Old Mr. Yallerby—Dar goes Mose Johnsing an' his gal like two souls wif but a single thought.

PITH AND POINT.

—"What course did you take in college?" "Oh, the regular three-mile course."—Detroit Free Press.

—Cleverton—"Was Miss Griggson bored by my talk last night?" Dashaway—"I couldn't get her to say."—Truth.

—"College education? Pshaw! What good did it ever do young Cutter?" "Lots of good! Why, every ball team in the country is after him!"—Boston News.

—If you want to see the difference between a man and a woman let them marry, and after a time there may be a new difference every day.—Boston Transcript.

—"Humor is the most powerful force in the world," remarked Cumso. "How do you make that out?" asked Fangle. "It overcomes the law of gravity."—Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Asker—"They tell me that the book-keeper of your firm is behind in his accounts; is that so?" Mr. Tasker—"Far from it, he came out ahead. It's the company that's behind."—Saturday Evening Herald.

—His Chief Attraction. — Harry—"Why did you shave off your mustache?" Will—"I found my best girl was getting too expensive, and have taken this method of having her give me the shake."—Brooklyn Eagle.

—Boy (who has lost his way)—"I say, mister, how far is it to Camptown Creek?" Man (surlily)—"Find out. I am no city directory!" Boy (with acute emphasis)—"No, you ain't; you're a volume on good manners, you are!"

—Gaining Strength. — Customer—"What kind of fish is this?" Waiter—"Weakfish, sir; same as you had last Friday, sir." "Well, it may have been weak fish last Friday, but it is decidedly strong fish now."—Yonkers Statesman.

—A man imagines that he has lots of fun in telling how difficult it is for even a woman to find her way into her own pocket, but all the varnish comes off the laugh when he begins to remember how easily she gets into his pockets.—Philadelphia Times.

—"Look here," said the wrathful young lawyer; "I thought you swore to give a verdict in accordance with the facts?" "Wal," answered the juryman, thoughtfully pulling his beard, "the facts didn't turn out as I expected 'em to."—Indianapolis Journal.

—After all, in view of the fact that pretty nearly half of the matter printed in the New York dailies relates to sporting, I am not so sure but a college education is the very thing a young man needs to fit him for metropolitan journalism.—Detroit Free Press.

—Promised His Mother He Wouldn't—

"I never use tobacco. No!
"I've never touched it yet!"
And then he took a match and lit
His nasty cigarette.

—Chicago Tribune.

—Sarcastic in the Extreme.—Emma—"What do you suppose Aunty Quate would do if a robber were to demand her engagement ring or her life. Julia—"There'd be little difference which he took. If she lost either she'd never get another."—Jeweler's Weekly.

—A hardworking woman was asked: "Madame, are you a woman suffragist?" "No, sir," was the answer. "I haven't time to be." "Haven't time? Well, if you had the privilege of voting, whom would you support?" "The same man I have supported for the past ten years." "And who is that?" "My husband."—Nebraska Journal.

MISPLACED INSTINCTS.

Fable of the Hen That Hatched Out Ducks.

A certain Hen of advancing Years had been accustomed all her life to hatch out Geese eggs. From watching Brood after Brood take to the water with a skill born of Heredity, she grew to plume herself on her talent as a teacher of the art Natatorial, and standing on the edge of the Pool would cackle instructions to the Goslings, and cluck with a becoming sense of Superiority when her sister Hens scuttled around in Horror at such actions on the part of young Fowls.

It so happened that one spring she hatched out a Brood of Chickens. Down to the Pool she marched with the flock and said: "Now, my Dears, I will teach you to Swim." But the youngsters hugged the dry Land, and seemed to fear the water. Then said the Hen: "Do you doubt my Wisdom? Swim as did your Brothers before you. Law sakes what Geese you are!"

Then she pushed them into the Water, where they sank like Plummets, nor did they come to the Surface again.

"Madam," said an old Rooster, "I hope you have Tumbled to the fact that the Youngsters were not such Geese as you thought them."

Moral.—This Fable, kind reader, teaches us that a Hen's instincts are apt to be Misplaced.—Charles Battell Loomis, in Puck.

Spiders Good Authority.

A good story is told on one of the weather observers, a gentleman who understands his business thoroughly and uses a great deal of practical sense in making his calculations. He was making up a forecast one evening when all the reports indicated rain the following day. He was dubious himself about the correctness of his forecast owing to an incident he had observed the same evening at his residence. In his yard there was a grape arbor, and as he was leaving home he observed a spider energetically at work spinning its web. The observer knew that the spider would never spin in the face of approaching foul weather, and whether to follow his reports or the spider was the question that puzzled him. The report, however, indicated that the spider did not know his business, and the forecast was made out as the reports suggested, a modifying and saving clause thrown in. The next day showed clearly that the spider was right and the guessing apparatus of the forecaster wrong.—Washington Post.

Romance of a Sultana.

The favorite wife of the sultan was once a poor girl living in the coal mines of France. She was a beautiful girl, and some charitable person found her occupation in a famous dressmaking establishment in France. She was sent to Constantinople with dresses ordered by the sultan's mother. Nothing more was heard of her for many years, until a little inheritance was left by relative and notices were posted asking for her whereabouts. In answer to these notices a wonderful equipage, escorted by mounted eunuchs, stopped at the door of the em[illegible]

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The London Religious Tract society last year issued 77,000,000 publications.

—The Synod of Kentucky expended last year over $18,000 in evangelistic work, with large results, and will raise a large sum this year.

—The sum of the bequests made by Mrs. Eleanor W. J. Baker, wife of the great chocolate manufacturer, to educational and charitable institutions was $1,000,000.

—According to Dr. W. H. Roberts, American statistical secretary of the Presbyterian Alliance, the Presbyterian and Reformed denominations throughout the world have 20,265,500 adherents.

—The Icelandic Lutheran congregation in Manitoba and the northwestern states recently celebrated the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the translation of the Scriptures into Icelandic.

—In Africa the number of missionaries exceed 500, and the number of converts 400,000, increasing by about 25,000 a year. During the past five years Africa has furnished more than 200 martyrs.—Christian Union.

—Yearly returns of the Welsh Calvinists for 1890 show a communicants' roll of 132,854, an increase during the last ten years of 42,000. This includes the Welsh churches in London, Liverpool, Manchester and other parts of England.

—Of the 478 ministers who left the Established church of Scotland at the disruption, forty-two are still living in Switzerland, while a few others are living in other countries. Dr. Beith, who was ordained sixty-eight years ago, is one of them.

—A copy of the Bible was sold in New York the other day for $14,800. This was not because it contained any more truth than any other copy, but because it was printed by Gutenberg in 1455—the first complete book ever printed with movable type.

—The grandson and last descendant of the great educator, Pestalozzi, died recently in Zurich. This was Maj. Carl Pestalozzi, born in 1525, and for a number of years professor in the polytechnical institute in Zurich. For a long time he was president of the Zurich Pestalozzi endowment for the education of neglected children.

—The executive committee of the board of trustees of Cornell university has completed the formation of the staff for the new Susan Linn Sage school of philosophy. The new school will begin instruction on the first day of the next academic year. The trustees and the dean expect to make this one of the most important departments in the university and the most complete of its kind in America.

—The City Mission society of Berlin is fortunate in having a liberal friend in the person of the emperor. For the new church in the part of the city called "Moabit" he has granted a sum of 200,000 marks, besides securing for it a site valued from 20,000 to 80,000 marks. The first-mentioned sum the emperor did not give himself entirely, but only in part, the rest having been secured through his example and influence from wealthy men in Berlin.

—Prof. Dorner, a son of the late famous teacher in the University of Berlin, has been appointed full professor in Konigsburg. His chair is the same as that held by his father—namely, systematic theology. Dr. Dorner was born in 1840, and for a number of years was professor in the practical theological seminary at Wittenberg. He has written two important works, one the Church Father St. Augustine, and one on Church and the Kingdom of God.

TREMENDOUSLY AMUSING.

Wild Hilarity of a Dude Who Discovered That Persons Wash for Themselves.

While in the office of an uptown hotel recently I chanced to overhear a conversation between two men which proved very amusing from subsequent developments.

Both persons in question were attired in the latest style and drawled their words with Murray Hill correctness. They also affected that peculiar vacuity of countenance innocently supposed to be fashionable in England, but which in reality exists only in a lunatic asylum or an institution for the care of the weak minded.

They were discussing a new book which dealt with some of the rough sides of life.

"It was excruciatingly amusing," remarked one specimen, "to wead of how some persons in Boston who made some pwetentions socially were compeled to do their own washing. Another family couldn't hiah a servant, so they did their own cooking." This seemed so "amusing" that both laughed as loudly as their weak physique and strong conventionality would allow.

The other individual, who appeared to be in the last stages of paresis, responded with a similar anecdote, and the two wandered out into Broadway.

There was an old New Yorker in the lobby, who happened to be familiar with the antecedents of both, and he gave me some of their family history.

He of the "excruciating" amusement formerly lived in the tenement house district, not far from Cherry Hill. His father had been a machinist's helper and earned seven dollars a week. His mother took in washing to help support the family. Later his father invented a trivial article which brought him considerable money. He invested in real estate and made a fortune. The family deserted Cherry Hill and now live on Madison avenue.

That is the history of the young gentleman who saw so much amusement in people doing their own washing.

The worthy parent of the other made several contracts with the city under the Tweed ring and then retired from business.—N. Y. Herald.

He Found It Again.

Master Tommy went into the room where his sister was entertaining her beau.

"Oh, you've found it again, haven't you, Mr. Smith," he said.

"Found what, Tommy," asked Mr. Smith, blandly.

"Your head; sister said you lost your head last night when you popped to her."

Awful silence, followed by Master Tommy's retreat from the room.—Detroit Free Press.

Shame for De Fiste.

Mrs. Drabble—My sister is going to marry that little Mr. De Fiste. Why, he's a head shorter than she is. It's awful!

Mr. Drabble—Oh, I don't know. He's

GOOD AND BAD YEARS.

An Interesting Example of the Working of the Law of Supply and Demand.

In the year 1890 the United States raised only about seven-tenths as much corn as it did in 1889, and less than five-sixths as much wheat. Were the farmers who raised and sold this crop the poorer for the decrease in the amount produced? Assuredly not—notice that we do not say all farmers, but only those who raised this grain—for it is estimated by the department of agriculture that the smaller crop of corn and wheat of the year 1890 will turn out to have been worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars more than the large of 1889.

This is an interesting example of the working of the law of supply and demand. It has been repeatedly and truly said that the increase in the amount of money which the farmers received for their grain was not merely in spite of the reduction in the amount raised, but on account of it.

The crop of corn in 1889 had been the largest in nine years. It amounted to more than two thousand one hundred millions of bushels, and for this crop the farmers received an average of twenty-eight cents a bushel—the lowest average price in nine years.

The corn crop of last year, on the other hand—less than fifteen hundred million bushels—was actually the smallest for nine years, notwithstanding the many thousands of new farms that have been opened; and it is not surprising that the average price of corn should have risen to its highest figure in nine years—a little more than fifty cents a bushel.

It may appear from this that a great drought, or some other condition which makes farmers' crops small, is a blessing rather than a calamity; but it should be remembered that the picture has another side.

The "blessing in disguise" was, as we have already hinted, only a blessing to those agriculturists who succeeded in growing a crop, and had more than enough corn for sale to compensate them for the decrease in their products. Many thousands had none to sell, and many thousands had to purchase corn or sell their stock, losing the profit which they hoped to gain from feeding the stock.

Moreover, on account of the scarcity and high price of corn, millions of half-fattened swine, which the farmers could not afford to feed, were sent to market, causing a low price of pork, and a loss in that direction even to many farmers who succeeded in raising a surplus of corn. The consumers of beef have also obtained a poorer quality than usual.

Nor, though a smaller aggregate crop may be worth more than a larger one, is it to be supposed that it is of advantage to a farmer to raise less corn or wheat than the acres he devotes to either of those crops can be made to produce.

If there is abundance, and the farmer raises a thousand bushels of wheat for which he can get only sixty cents a bushel, it is more to his advantage to have a thousand bushels to sell than it is to have only five hundred.

On the other hand, if crops are very poor, it is perfectly evident that the more wheat the farmer can raise the better off he is. It is not scarcity on his own farm that helps the farmer, but scarcity on other people's farm.

Of course in a year of light crops the number of those who suffer is vastly larger than of those who gain. For scarcity means high prices to all consumers, diminished railroad receipts, a smaller quantity for export and exchange with foreign commodities, and a generally reduced surplus of savings. It is, therefore, a disaster to all except the particular persons who raise a surplus which they can sell at a high price.

It is a practice of producers of grain, sometimes not fully taken into account, to keep back as much of their crop as possible for the period when prices are best. In March, 1891, more than one-third of even the small corn crop of the year before was still on hand, and more than one-fourth of the wheat crop was still in the farmers' granaries. These proportions are considerably larger in years of abundant crops.

Meantime, whether crops are large or small, the quantity used for food steadily rises. Of the small wheat crop of 1890, more was actually consumed in the country than of the large crop of 1889; and for it the consumers paid an averge price—to the farmer at his farm—of about eighty-four cents a bushel as against about seventy-nine cents for the crop of 1889.

The average inhabitant of the United States consumes four and two-thirds bushels of wheat per year; and in most of the Northern States the consumption is about five bushels per head.—Youth's Companion.

SELECTION OF EYE-GLASSES.

A Word of Advice Concerning the Care of the Eyes.

Never purchase glasses from a peddler or a jeweler. Even opticians, except the most careful ones, practically allow the customer to make his own selection, and if he is near-sighted he commonly selects glasses which are too strong, while if he is far-sighted, he selects such as enlarge the print, or else are of too low a number, from the false idea that this will favor a longer preservation of his sight.

Many persons suffer from astigmatism, a defect which prevents the rays of light from converging at the same focus. The afflicted person is sometimes born with it, but sometimes it develops after adult age is reached. Anyone who has astigmatic eyes should consult a skillful oculist.

Sometimes there is spasm of the muscles of accommodation. In this case the person may seem to be near-sighted while really far-sighted, or greatly near-sighted while only slightly so. The oculist alone can treat such eyes.

The medical name of near-sight is myopia. In this defect the rays of light converge to a focus before reaching the retina. The opposite of this, in which the converging point is beyond the retina, is called hyperopia. Hyperopia gives rise to headaches and neuralgia, from the constant strain of the muscles of accommodation in viewing distant objects. Persons afflicted with it need convex glasses, but naturally select concave ones. The glasses should be the strongest that can be worn with comfort, and should be used all the time, both for far and for near vision.

In myopia, the glasses should be the weakest that bring the sight to nearly normal vision when the print is at a distance of fourteen to sixteen inches. Many persons, when first fitted, are un-

that makes the vision perfect. They complain of vertigo, and objects appear small and unnatural. In such cases the strength of the glass should be decreased, even though the person does not see so well. It is desirable to wear the glasses about half an hour before deciding on them.

Old sight—presbyopia—begins about the age of forty. It is first noticed by the tendency to hold the paper further off. The glasses should not enlarge the letters, but simply render them clear and natural at the ordinary reading distance. Whatever the ocular defect, the proper glasses should be obtained as soon as it is discovered.

In addition to the above defects, there may be a weakness of one or more of the ocular muscles, with a constant strain on the weaker to make it do its full share of the work. This strain may cause severe neuralgia of the head and nervous symptoms generally. In such a case consult a skillful oculist.—Medical Classics.

SHE AND HER DOG.

One Canine Pet that Is of Real Importance—The Fuss Made Over It.

She was a slender maiden, stately and fair to look upon, as she entered a famous ladies' shop on Broadway, leading in leash a Scotch collie very much muffled and beribboned. "Have you any material to match that?" she said, pointing with pride to the canine aristocrat.

"To match what?" asked the perplexed salesman.

"To match Jack," she answered clearly and calmly, stroking the handsome head pressed against her skirt.

Recovering his presence of mind by a mighty effort, the man threw down the goods and having found the exact shade of "Jack's" silky coat, the girl calmly ordered the material sent to the dressmaker, as if matching dogs were an every-day occurrence. As she turned to go she said to her companion:

"All the smart girls are going to have gowns to match their pet dogs this year, don't you know? It sounds foolish, but it isn't at all, for don't you see if you don't get the right shade you have to be brushing dog's hair off your dress all the time. Last year I had a green dress, and I just wore myself and the dress out brushing. Everywhere I sat down Jack had been before me, and all the hairs rubbed off the cushions on my gown. I shall never forget going to the matinee with Dick Travers. You know he is so immaculate himself, and so particular about the girl he takes out. Well, I brushed, and mamma brushed, and Katie brushed that gown, and I had it all arranged that I wouldn't sit down at all until we started, but, of course, I forgot, and off I went covered with long light hairs on my back. Really he hasn't taken me out since, and they say he is devoted to that Maxwell girl. You know she has canaries. Jack has been so sick I had to stay home from three lunches and a ball. Mamma said she just couldn't and wouldn't take the responsibility of him when he was sick. I had to refuse myself to my callers even, he was suffering so and I was so worried. I sometimes wish I had never had Jack. You do get so fond of a dog you know, and I don't like to be so fond of any thing, not even a lover, that I can't enjoy myself if he is sick. I don't suppose you will believe it, but a nice dog like Jack is just as dangerous to have in the house as a fascinating man. You can't help liking either one of them more than you want to, and more than is good for your peace of mind. The only difference is the dog is more apt to get attached to you than the man and return your devotion. And dogs are more faithful, too, if they once get fond of you. But they are a care."—N. Y. Sun.

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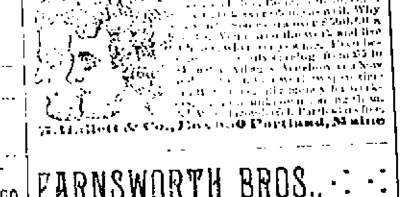

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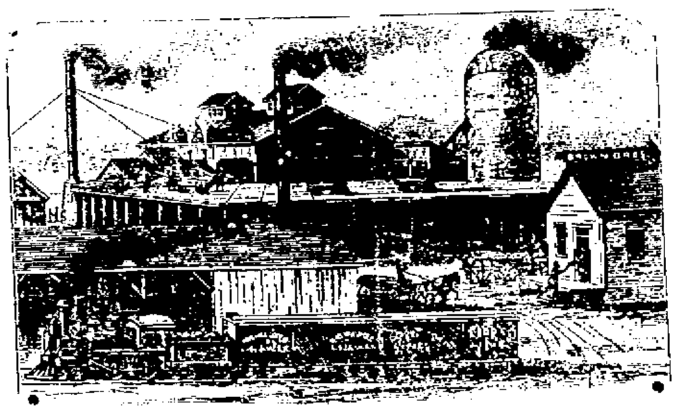

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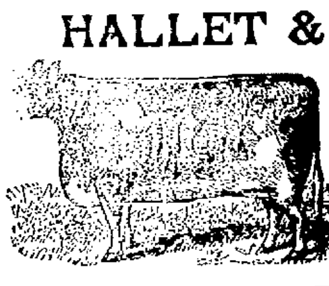

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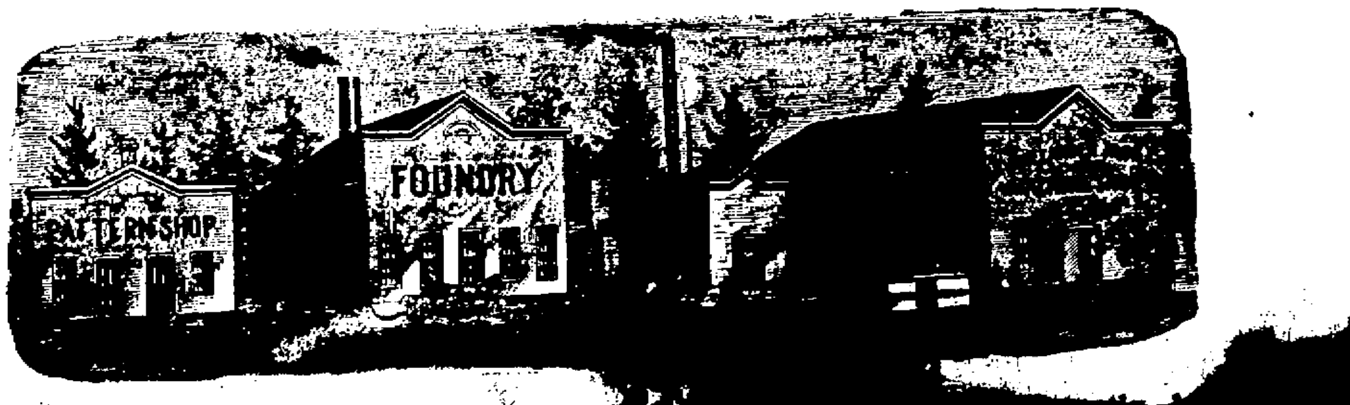

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They are very fond of their children and kind to them; unwisely kind, perhaps, as we Americans are inclined to be. To all the other hardships of a woman's life here is added her mourning for her little children; for the careless life bears hard on them, especially in overflow seasons. Sometimes we are reminded of this in a homely yet affecting way, as yesterday, when in buying some chickens and asking for more, the little merchant said: "They ain't no more, only but one old —" we don't readiness at all times.

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